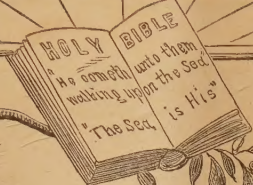


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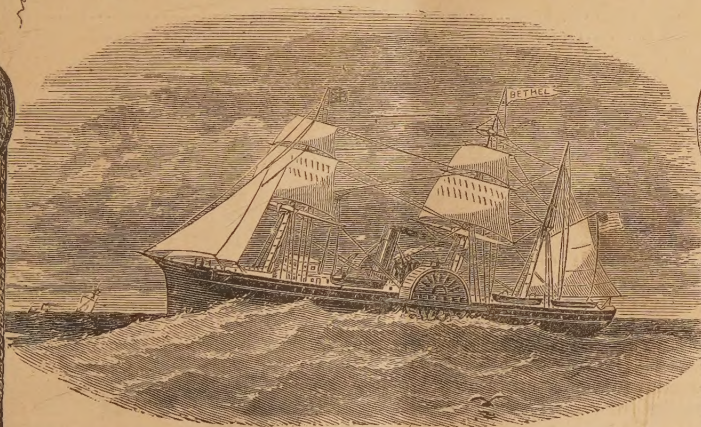
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— and —
SEAMEN'S FRIEND



APRIL 1871.

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THE SAILORS' MAGAZINE AND SEAMEN'S FRIEND.

THE SAILORS' MAGAZINE AND SEAMEN'S FRIEND, a monthly pamphlet of thirty-two pages, will contain the proceedings of the American Seamen's Friend Society, and its Branches and Auxiliaries, with notices of the labors of local independent Societies, in behalf of Seamen. It will aim to present a general view of the history, nature, the progress and the wants of the SEAMEN'S CAUSE, commending it earnestly to the sympathies, the prayers and the benefactions of all Christian people.

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APRIL, 1871.

No. 4.

THE MUTINEERS OF THE BOUNTY.

FORTUNES OF THE COLONY OF PITCAIRN'S ISLAND.

We hope no one will be deterred by its length from reading the following article, originally prepared for the *Evening Post*.

Few episodes of modern history are so full of romantic interest as the Mutiny of the *Bounty* and the subsequent adventures of the mutineers on Pitcairn's Island. It has been recited again and again in magazines and books of travels, nor has the repetition in any manner weakened the spell it exercises over the English reader.

From time to time the matter has been brought back freshly to the public mind as later accounts were received from the descendants of the mutineers, and now Lady Belcher has written out the whole sad, affecting story, with the help of original documents and correspondence never before printed, and the volume is just ready for publication by the Harpers.

The *Bounty* sailed from the Downs on the 23d December, 1787, in command of Lieutenant Bligh of the

Royal Navy, having been commissioned to transport young bread fruit trees from Otaheite to the British West Indies. It had been suggested to the government that the bread fruit tree would be a desirable acquisition for the colonies in the Caribbean to afford food for the negroes, and it was determined that the experiment should be made. After a tedious and stormy passage, the *Bounty* arrived at Otaheite on the 25th of October, 1788. Some months were spent in collecting the plants, but at last one thousand were stored away in the ship, and Lieutenant Bligh set sail for the West Indies on the 26th April, 1789.

Lieutenant Bligh, who was an excellent sailor, and afterwards approved himself as a daring officer in naval combat, seems to have been a man of ungovernable passions, and certainly treated his officers and crew with cruelty that may be called fiendish. The result of this was that on the 28th of April, the mate, Fletcher Christian, with the aid of three or four of the crew seized the ship, put Lieutenant Bligh and eighteen of the officers and crew into the launch, and set them adrift, and went upon another course. Bligh and his companions succeeded in

reaching one of the Friendly Isles, only to be assailed by the unfriendly natives with the loss of one of their number killed, and were thus compelled to trust the chances of the wide ocean in their open boat with scanty provisions; but, after many hardships, they gained a port of safety, having accomplished in forty-one days a voyage of three thousand six hundred and eighteen miles.

Now in command of the *Bounty*, Christian, after touching at several points in the Pacific, and leaving sixteen of his company on the island of Tahiti, sailed away with eight white men and nineteen of the natives, men and women, to Pitcairn's Island.

This was a small, lonely, almost inaccessible and uninhabited rock, scarcely two leagues in extent, lying out of the track of the whaling ships and rarely visited by them or any other vessels—a mere speck in the wide waste of the Pacific. Christian had selected it for a retreat, rightly thinking that he would there be safe from the reach of the law, under which his crime of mutiny was punishable with death. He reached it in safety early in January, 1790, and there the *Bounty*, after having been stripped of everything that could be of value to the fugitives in their new home, was sunk in twenty-five fathoms water.

Before tracing the subsequent fortunes of the mutineers on Pitcairn's Island, it may be interesting to note what befel the sixteen men who had been left by Christian at Tahiti. After the departure of the *Bounty*, they separated, going to different parts of the island to live, and cultivating, for the most part, friendly relations with the natives. One married the daughter of a native chief. Two of the most turbulent, who quarrelled with the natives and with each other, came to violent deaths. The greater part of the time, for several months, was spent in building a vessel in which they hoped to make their escape to Batavia. It was schooner-rigged and thirty feet in length, and they christened it, at the moment of its successful launch, *The Resolution*.

But they had no sails, and the vessel was useless for any long voyage. Two years and a half passed by without tidings from England, when there came to the Island H. M. S. *Pandora*, Captain Edwards, charged with apprehending the mutineers and bringing them back to England. They were readily secured, fourteen in number, and at once transferred to the *Pandora*, where they were heavily ironed and confined in a narrow cage or box, with not even hope for a companion. The *Resolution* was made a prize and the two set sail for the island of Timor. Of the barbarities inflicted upon the unhappy prisoners, some of whom were innocent of all participation in the mutiny; of the wreck of the *Pandora*, attended with the loss of several lives, and of the other incidents of the return to England, it would prolong this narrative unduly to speak. Suffice it to say, that three of the prisoners were hanged under the sentence of a court-martial, and that with this vindication of the outraged law the mutiny of the *Bounty* for the time passed out of the minds of the English people.

Nearly twenty years elapsed before anything transpired of the fate of Christian and his companions. Suns rose and set, moons waxed and waned, season succeeded season in unvarying round, and no sail was seen by the fugitives from their lonely seclusion "far out amid the melancholy main." The great storm of the French Revolution had meanwhile upheaved all Europe, Napoleon had usurped the imperial crown, the battles of the Nile and Trafalgar had been fought, Washington had died, the most important occurrence of modern times had startled the civilized world without the knowledge of these Englishmen, glad to hide themselves from the face of man.

At last an American ship, the *Topaz*, Captain Martin Folger, in the month of September, 1808, stood in for water, and a boat's crew was landed upon Pitcairn. They learned from Alexander Smith, who had changed his name to John Adams, and who was then the sole survivor

of the mutineers, the story of their life upon the island—a story sad enough to have satisfied the vengeful feelings of Lieutenant Bligh. Christian and four of the other Englishmen had been slain, three years after the occupation of Pitcairn, in an affray with the Tahitians. All the Tahiti men were subsequently assassinated. Two others of the mutineers, having succeeded in distilling an intoxicating liquor from a root found upon the island, perished from the effects of it. One threw himself, in a fit of *delirium tremens*, from a precipice. His two remaining companions were compelled to kill the other in self defence. And now a change came over the colony. Henceforth the annals of the island were never to be stained by crime. A reformation was wrought in the lives and conduct of the inhabitants which transformed their settlement into a garden of peace and purity, a change little short of a miracle, the work of a Bible and a Prayer Book which had been left among Christian's effects.

Smith's sole white companion, Edward Young, who had been a midshipman on the *Bounty*, was a nephew of Sir George Young, Bart., and had enjoyed the benefit of early religious training, and he united readily with Smith (John Adams) in instructing the Tahitian women, and the children of the intermarriages with them, in the precepts of Christianity, and with such happy success that in the lapse of time there was not on the globe a community so free from vice, so blameless, so simple-minded and affectionate as the people of Pitcairn's Island. But in 1800 Young had died of asthma, and Adams became "the sole surviving man on the island, and the only guardian and teacher of helpless women and young children."

The *Topaz* reported the discovery of the colony on Pitcairn's Island, and the news awakened public curiosity for the moment in England, but vessels of war could not be spared for a voyage to the Pacific, no steps were taken to prosecute further

inquiries, and the interest in the matter again subsided.

And so the children grew to manhood and womanhood, and intermarried, and lived virtuous lives, remote from civilization and its vices, engirdled by the sea.

No want was there of human sustenance,
Soft fruitage, mighty nuts and nourishing roots,
Nor, save for pity, was it hard to take
The helpless life so wild that it was so tame,
There in a seaward-gazing mountain gorge
They built, and thatch'd with leaves of palm,
their huts,
Half hut, half native cavern. So the tribe,
Set in this Eden of all plenteousness,
Dwelt with eternal summer.

A few years after the visit of the *Topaz*, two English frigates, in search of the American ship-of-war *Essex*, touched at Pitcairn's Island—the *Briton*, Captain Staines, and the *Tagus*, Captain Pipon. As they stood off the shore—"two men were seen rapidly descending to the shore, with canoes on their shoulders. One of these canoes was boldly launched among the breakers, and then dexterously paddled through the surf alongside of the *Briton*. 'Won't you heave us a rope now?' was the request from the canoe, and a rope being thrown out immediately, a fine young man sprang actively on the deck. His athletic figure was quaintly attired in a vest without sleeves, and trowsers to the knee; and he wore a hat jauntily decked with black-cocks' feathers. He answered the question, 'Who are you?' with an ingenious frankness; 'I am Thursday October Christian, son of Fletcher Christian, the mutineer, by a Tahitian mother, and the first born on this island.'

"The handsome youth who accompanied him was Edward Young, son of the midshipman of that name in the *Bounty*, and was eighteen years of age. Thursday October Christian was, of course, so named from the day and month of his birth. He had attained the age of twenty-four, and was married to Susannah, widow of Edward Young, and one of the few survivors of the Tahitian women who had sailed in the *Bounty* to Pitcairn. Here then, at length, was Pitcairn Island, the asylum of

the mutineers! They as well as Folger had approached it unexpectedly; for Captain Carteret, who, as we have said, discovered the island in 1767, had placed it on the chart three degrees out of its true longitude.

"The robust appearance and height of the two young men, especially those of Thursday October Christian, were very striking. His jet-black hair flowed down his shoulders, and although his complexion was dark, and much tanned from exposure, in neither Young nor himself was there the red tinge of skin so common among the Pacific islanders. The deportment of the young men, their whole bearing, and their natural easy manners, which were as much removed from undue familiarity as from all conventional shyness and restraint, interested every one on board. Sir Thomas Staines himself conducted them over the ship, where every object was new and wonderful in their estimation. The sight of a cow seemed not only to astonish but to alarm them—they seemed to think it a large goat—while a little black terrier excited their warm admiration. 'I know that is a dog,' exclaimed Edward Young, naively. 'I have read of such things.' Although strangers to mechanical contrivances, and to most of the useful arts of civilized life, they displayed an intelligent appreciation of everything they saw, and were eager for information on all subjects connected with the ship. At the close of this singular and interesting visit, Sir T. Staines ordered refreshments to be prepared in his own cabin; but before sitting down, they devoutly folded their hands and repeated the usual short grace, a blessing upon the food of which they were about to partake, and at the conclusion of the repast repeated another, which they said had been taught them by their revered pastor, John Adams. Strange, indeed, it must have been to witness the simple earnest piety of these young Christians, living so far from all civilized lands, and in the vicinity of islands whose people were sunk in heathen barbarism and

ignorance, and some of them even addicted to cannibalism."

The officers of both ships went ashore and sojourned for several days with the gentle and hospitable islanders. The narrative of Lady Belcher tells us:

"When Adams was questioned as to the mutiny, and the events which took place on board the *Bounty* after the mutineers had separated from the rest of the officers and crew, and had left Tahiti, he seemed averse to say more than his guests already knew concerning the tragical events which occurred soon after the first settlement at Pitcairn. As the recollection seemed to give him much pain, they forebore to press him on the subject, especially finding themselves surrounded by so many young people, who were probably ignorant of the extent of the crimes and sufferings of their forefathers.

"Impressed as the officers were with the moral aspect of the community, they were not less struck with the natural beauty of their island home, which was truly a 'garden of Eden.' Its lofty mountains towered to a height of one thousand and eight feet above the level of the ocean, and around their craggy pinnacles myriads of sea-birds wheeled in mazy circles. Groves of palm and cocoanut trees—and especially the beautiful bread-fruit tree, the staff of life to the islanders—clothed the bare rocks down to the water's edge. In the deep valleys flourished in profusion most of the tropical fruits, among which were the taro-root, from which bread could be made, the ti-plant (*Dracena terminalis*) and other valuable edible productions. The climate, also, would admit with care of the cultivation of European fruits and vegetables, as the range of the temperature was from 76° to 80° in summer, and seldom fell below 59° in winter.

"No feathered songsters, however, enlivened these forests, with the exception of one small species of fly-catcher; but in after years this want was supplied by an importation of little warblers taken there by Cap-

tain Prevost, in the *Virago*, from Valparaiso. He introduced also a variety of roses and myrtles.

* * * * *

"If," says Captain Pipon, "we remarked with much admiration the fine athletic young men around us, the appearance of the women was equally pleasing, some really handsome, and one and all well grown and finely formed, much owing, probably, to the mountainous nature of the island, and the habit from infancy of ascending and descending the rocks with great weights upon their shoulders." Both sexes were also expert swimmers. The women's dress was composed of a loose bodice, with a drapery reaching to the ankles, and so disposed as to show the symmetry of their persons, not unlike (it has been said) the robes of the Hindostanee women, and worn as gracefully. Teeth like ivory characterized both men and women, and the latter wore their long black hair neatly braided into a knot at the back of the head, without pin or fastening of any kind; and a wreath ingeniously worked of the sweet-scented nono tree (*Morinda citrifolia*), sometimes intertwined with others of a brighter hue, completed their toilet.

"Far, however, beyond their personal grace was their modesty and gentle behavior, and Adams assured Sir T. Staines of their excellent conduct. Each person considered whatever he possessed was for the general good, so that there was no difficulty in settling disputes; and if hasty words were ever uttered the offender was but too ready to make ample amends to the injured party.

"Adams mentioned that since the visit of Captain Folger no other ship had touched at the island, with the knowledge of the inhabitants, previous to the present visit. Once, however, they had been greatly alarmed by the sight of two vessels, apparently standing in for the island, and a party from one must have landed unobserved in search of cocoa-nuts; for as young Matthew Quintal was descending the rocks

he perceived a large clasp-knife lying among a number of broken cocoa-nut shells. The visitors were probably quite unaware of the existence of any inhabitants. Quintal rushed back to the village in great alarm, and said he felt like Robinson Crusoe when he saw the print of a human foot on the sand; but happily the cause of alarm was quickly removed, as they saw the two ships in the offing fast receding from sight.

"At length it was necessary to bid these interesting people farewell, and the commanders of the frigates assured them that they would represent to the government the admirable state of the community, and that the authorities would certainly not feel justified in attempting to remove their honored pastor and instructor, Adams. Under the skillful guidance of Christian and Young, who had brought them on shore, the visitors returned to their ship. There a liberal supply of articles necessary for the comfort of the islanders, which they were otherwise unable to obtain, was placed in the canoe, and, with warm adieux on all sides, the young men returned to their expectant friends, and the ships continued their voyage to Valparaiso."

Years passed away, marked by infrequent visits of ships to the island, and with sorrows for the inhabitants. In 1829 John Adams died at the age of sixty-five. In 1832 the islanders received the unwelcome acquisition of one Joshua Hill, an Englishman, who pretended to have come under appointment from England to take charge of the colony, and who oppressed and plundered it for four years, until he was forcibly removed by order of the Admiralty. Meantime two sea-faring men had united their fortunes to the island, one of whom, George Hiram Nobbs, succeeded to the spiritual office of the lamented Adams, and still survives in ministerial charge of the descendants of the mutineers.

In 1852, Nobbs visited England, and was ordained by the Bishop of London. It was but four years after his return to Pitcairn that, in consequence of the great increase in

the number of the islanders, it was judged advisable by the British government to deport them to Norfolk Island, where lands were set apart specially for their occupation, and where they now subsist chiefly on the whale fishery. The latest account that has been given of them is a brief mention in Sir Wentworth Dilke's "Greater Britain." They still retain their simplicity of life and

high christian character. But while contact with the outer world by the more frequent intercourse of commerce will in time inevitably change the social aspect of the islanders, a tender charm, akin to the illusions of romance, belongs to this idyll of the ocean, and will for ever hang around the lonely rock of the wide Pacific where the last of the mutineers of the *Bounty* lived and died.

NOKOHAMA MUNJERO,

ONE OF THE JAPANESE ENVOYS TO EUROPE.

BY REV. S. C. DAMON, D. D.

From a New Bedford paper, as well as from a letter from Capt. Whitfield, we learn that seven Japanese have arrived in the United States, en route for Europe, who have been sent by the Japanese Government upon a tour of inspection. Respecting one of these Envoys a remarkable story may be told, confirming the old saying that "truth is stranger than fiction." Our part of the story shall commence with his arrival in Honolulu in the fall of 1850, just twenty years ago. He then came from the mines of California and deposited with us about \$75, stating that he was desirous of returning to Japan. We listened to his plan of an expedition with no small amount of incredulity, intimating that he would be executed if he returned to his native land; but so earnest was he, that we gathered about \$100 from a few of the foreign residents of Honolulu, to add to the money already in hand, for the purpose of buying a whaleboat and outfit. This was done, but a few more fixtures were needed, and the following appeal was inserted in the *Poly-nesian* of December 14th, 1850:

"EXPEDITION FOR JAPAN.—The public is aware that from time to time wrecked Japanese have been brought to the Sandwich Islands. There are now three who were brought hither by Capt. W. H. Whitfield in 1841. One of them, John

Mung, accompanied Capt. W. to the United States, where he was educated in a good common school, besides having acquired the cooper's trade.

"He has returned to the Islands, and here finds his former shipmates, two of whom proposed to accompany him, and, if possible, return to Japan. He has purchased a good whaleboat and outfit, Capt. Whitmore, of the American ship *Sarah Boyd*, having kindly offered to leave them somewhere off the Loochoo Islands, and from thence they hope to make their way to Japan. To complete the outfit is wanted—a compass, a good fowling-piece, a few articles of clothing, shoes, and a nautical almanac for 1850. Will not some benevolent person aid in forwarding the enterprise? The subscriber will be responsible for the safe delivery of the articles referred to.

S. C. DAMON."

The *Sarah Boyd* sailed on the 17th, but before sailing, the United States Consul, Judge Allen, at our request furnished Munjero with a duly certified document of American citizenship, well supplied with "seals." Capt. Whitmore reported on his arrival at Shanghai that he launched the boat and his three Japanese passengers off the Loochoo Islands. The original account of the expedition will be found in the *Friend* of January 1st, 1851.

Ten years passed before we were able to obtain a single item of information respecting Munjero, although we made most diligent inquiry of several officers attached to Perry's United States Exploring Expedition. On the 17th of May, 1860, the Japanese steamer *Kandinmarrah* arrived in Honolulu, having our old friend Munjero on board as interpreter. Never were we more surprised. He appeared to us as one from the dead! At our request he gave the following account of himself, which will be found in the *Friend* of June 1st, 1860.

"In January, 1851, Capt. Whitmore, of the *Sarah Boyd*, launched the boat 'Adventurer' from his deck off Great Loochoo, wind blowing fresh from N. W; accompanied with hail. The ship was about five miles from land. After rowing hard for ten hours, we anchored near the land. Next morning I sent Denzo on shore, but he returned with a 'tear in his eye,' because he had forgotten his native language, and was unable to communicate with the people. We all went on shore, and I took a loaded pistol; we made signs to the people for water, and they conducted us to a pond; we now boiled our coffee and ate some beef and pork, 'American fashion.' The people gave us some sweet potatoes and rice. As we could not speak to the people, we were conducted to a government office, about one mile off, where some rice was given us, in order to see if we could eat rice with two chop-sticks! We showed them that we knew how to handle the chop-sticks, and this exploit settled the question of our nationality, for we were pronounced *Japanese*!

"A messenger was then dispatched to a city about ten miles off, and after some bantering and threats, we were taken under the care of the King of Loochoo, who treated us very kindly. We spent six months in Loochoo, when we were conveyed in a junk to the island of Kiusiu, near the southern point of the island; we were there taken under the care of the Prince of Thiztumar; we remained at this place forty-eight days. The Prince made very many inqui-

ries respecting America and American people, and our treatment. This prince has great influence; he treated me with much kindness.

"We were then removed to Nangasaki, where we were joined by five more ship-wrecked Japanese sailors, who had been forwarded from Honolulu to their own country via China. At Nangasaki we were detained thirty months, not however being confined to a close prison, but allowed large liberties. At the end of two and a half years, we were allowed to proceed to our homes, and, so far as I know, all my companions safely reached their homes, and were welcomed by their friends. I went to Xicoco. After thirteen years, absence, I was joyfully welcomed by my mother. My father died before I left home. My mother had mourned for me as dead; under that impression, she had built for me a tomb. I remained at home 'three days and three nights;' I was then removed, with my good boat 'Adventurer,' to Yeddo, where I was promoted to the rank of an Imperial officer, wearing two swords! For several years I was employed in Yeddo. I was for a long time occupied in translating "*Bowditch's Navigator*;" it was a long and laborious work. I have built many boats after the model of the American whaleboat 'Adventurer.' *My old whaleboat is now in a government store-house at the city of Yeddo* I have been very often consulted respecting questions relating to Americans and foreigners. I have had charge of some of the presents which were brought by Commodore Perry. I was in Yeddo at the period of Commodore Perry's visit, but was not introduced to any of the officers of the expedition. I am thirty-six years old. I am married, and have three children. I am captain in the navy, and at home, have charge of a vessel."

At the time of his visit in 1860, he presented us with a sword, reported to be two hundred years old, and also with another gift, which we prize vastly more than we do the sword. It was a translation of "*Bowditch's Navigator*," in two volumes, which we

still retain as among the most rare and remarkable of literary curiosities. This translation includes *diagrams and logarithmic tables in full*. When noticing Monjero's visit in 1860, we closed an article with the following paragraph:

"The end is not yet. If we live a few years, other events equally worthy of record will have occurred. We shall anxiously await the development of the future. Nine years ago we wrote, 'Success to Captain Mung, commanding the whaleboat 'Adventurer,' but we now add, Success to Captain Munjero, of the Imperial Navy of Japan, Acting Interpreter of the *Candinmarrah*, and Translator of 'Bowditch's Navigator.'

Long may he be spared to benefit his native land, to the interests, prosperity, civilization and progress of which he is most ardently devoted. His love for Japan is great."

During the last ten years we have occasionally heard from the HERO of our story, but surely we never expected to learn that we should have the pleasure of recording the fact that his government had honored him with the appointment of an Envoy to Europe, to inspect the warlike operations of the Prussians and the French. We hope on his return to Japan, he may take Honolulu in his route.

HONOLULU, Feb. 26th 1871.

PREMONITIONS OF STORMS.

BY PROF. T. B. MAURY.

The indications of the barometer, the sympiesometer, and the other great inventions of mechanical meteorology, are the main reliances of storm-science, but they do not afford the only premonitions of storms. The cautious meteorologist has many sources of informations besides his instruments; and, if wise, he will listen to the monitions which so often rightly guide the rudest peasant or the roughest tar.

The poet Virgil saw in the bird, as his countrymen were wont to do, an augur and a prophet of the mutations of weather. "A being eminently electrical, the bird," says Michelet, not without reason, "is more *en rapport* than any other with numerous meteorological phenomena of heat and magnetism, whose secrets neither our senses nor our appreciation can arrive at. He possesses, as it were, a kind of physical prescience. What more natural than that man, whose perception is much slower, and who does not recognize them until after the event, should interrogate this instructive precursor which announces them? Meteorology especially may derive hence a great advantage. It will possess the surest means, and already it has found a guide in the foresight of birds. Would that Napo-

leon, in 1812, had taken note of the premature migration of the birds of the North! From the storks and cranes he might have secured the most trustworthy information. In their precocious departure he might have divined the imminency of a severe and terrible winter. They hastened towards the South, and he—he remained at Moscow!" May we not heed the suggestion of the same brilliant naturalist, when he tells us that in the midst of the ocean, the weary bird which reposes for a night on the vessel's mast, on the following morning resumes his flight without hesitation, choosing on the immense and trackless abyss the exact course which will lead him whither he wishes to go.

With no chart or compass, "no landmark, no guide, the currents of the atmosphere alone, or those of the water, perhaps, also some invisible magnetic currents, pilot the hardy voyager."

The vegetation of a country furnishes another class of dumb but credible guides in the study of its meteorology. It is said by pioneers of the forest, that, in our hemisphere, knowing that the moss delights in shady places, they borrow the custom of the Indian, and find their way

at midnight through unfrequented woods by feeling the moss on the northern side of the trees. "In every country," says Fitzroy, "the bark of trees and vegetation indicate the prevalent winds." If the wind blows constantly or chiefly in one direction in any country, the windward side of it is apt to be crowned with vegetation, while on the other side there is scarcely a shrub or a flower. This is the case in Peru, Patagonia, some portions of Arabia, Africa, and on many islands. In some places, wind carrying moisture affects one side of a hill or mountain chain, and does not affect the other. England and her sister isles receive westerly and southerly winds for about three-fourths of the year, producing a contrast very marked,—Ireland, the most windward, receiving the greatest amount of tepid vapor from the Gulf Stream, and thus obtaining the name of the "Emerald Isle." Some vegetation, however, as at Madeira, avoids the salt-bearing winds. At this little island the prevailing atmospheric currents are from the north-east; but the vintage which yields the celebrated Madeira wine is found at South Point, on the south-west coast.

Since rainbows in the morning, seen in the west, foreshadow the approach of a cloud of rain from the west, and when seen in the evening show a clearing up in the west, they have given rise to the popular prognostic—

"A rainbow in the morning—
Sailors, take warning;
A rainbow at night
Is the sailor's delight."

Another premonition of an approaching gale is afforded to seaport towns by the agitation of the ocean and the disturbance of its slimy bed.

"The muddy appearance of the water in the sea, in anchoring depths, during violent storms," he says, "sometimes precedes the storm, being caused by heavy undulations affecting the bottom of the sea. This effect was remarkable around the Bermuda Islands in September, 1839, a day before the actual arrival of the tempest."

Clouds are of the utmost utility in foretelling weather, especially the *Cirrus*, *Cirro-Stratus*, and *Cumulo-Stratus*.

The *Cirrus*, called by sailors "*Cat's tail*," and sometimes by others the "*Curl cloud*," is made up of wavy parallel or diverging fibres, or slender filaments like white lines pencilled on the blue sky. It is probably composed of minute snow-flakes or ice-crystals. Its movement is a fine index of the great atmospheric currents, and it is thus a valuable prognostic of stormy weather. It doubtless often reaches a height of ten miles above the earth. When the fine threads of the *Cirrus* appear blown or brushed backward at one end, as if by a wind prevailing in these lofty regions, the wind on the surface will sooner or later veer round to that point.

The *Cirro-Stratus*, partaking of the form of both the *Cirrus* and *Stratus*, Buchan says, "is markedly a precursor of storms; and from its greater or less abundance and permanence, it gives some indication of the time when the storm may be expected."

The *Cumulo-Stratus* is distinctly formed just before rain begins. It is the forerunner of the lurid display of the thunder-storm, as Tennyson has painted it:—

"The wild unrest that lives in woe
Would dote and pore on yonder cloud,
That rises upward always higher,
And onward drags a laboring breast,
And topples round the dreary west,
A looming bastion fringed with fire."

The "pocky cloud" is an almost unerring storm-warning. If clouds be red and lowering in the morning, the red color arises from a large amount of vapor in the vesicular state, when, as Forbes has shown, the blue rays of light are absorbed and the yellow and red rays pass. This gives rise to the weather proverb—

"The evening gray and the morning red—
Put on your hat or you'll wet your head"—

and may sometimes prove ominous of a storm.

The approach of the "Norther's" of Texas and Mexico is generally

indicated, as an eminent observer tells us, by,—“First, a general humidity of the atmosphere. Secondly, the peak of Orizaba mountain visible and clear, the lower parts only being enveloped in dense, hazy clouds. Thirdly, the distant mountains, far inland to the south-east, exceedingly clear, together with excessive heat and depression in the animal kingdom.”

Prof. Brocklesby has well pointed out the additional and important fact that the top of the storm always *impends*—overhangs—the track on which it is advancing, because the base of the storm is retarded by friction with the earth's surface. This is of great significance, as always enabling the close observer to give warning. This is more easily done, from the fact that the front of most storms is marked by a *moist*, warm atmosphere.

In the Northern parts of the United States, according to Prof. Espy, the wind in great storms generally sets in from the north of east, and terminates from the north of west; while in the Southern parts it generally sets in from the south of east, and terminates from the south of west. With these facts before him, the observer is ready to understand his instruments, and no meteorologist should depend on his instruments alone. Great changes of weather or storms are usually shown by falls of barometer exceeding half an inch, and by differences of temperature exceeding fifteen degrees. *A tenth of an inch* in an hour is a fall presaging a heavy storm or rain. The more rapidly such changes occur, the more probable a violent atmospheric commotion. To understand the fluctuation of the barometer, we have only to compare it with its normal height for the time, and so with the thermometer. This may be done *generally* by examining an isobarometric chart, which gives you the lines along which the barometer ranges the same number of inches in clear weather, and the isothermal chart, showing the line of equal temperature. Barometers show the beatings—the pulsations of

the atmosphere, and their diagrams express to practised observers, to use the words of Admiral Fitzroy, “what the ‘indicator-card’ of a steam-cylinder shows to a skillful engineer.”

We have said nothing of the *electric* disturbances and *magnetic* storms which indicate the approach of the great tempests. Nor have we room to discuss the question. M. Marie Davy, Chief of the Meteorological Division in the Imperial Observatory, Paris, who has for some years made this a special study, states that “the perturbations of the magnetic needle are inseparably joined with one or more of the three following phenomena:—1. General disturbances of the telegraphic lines.—due to wide-spread auroras, which mark general movements of the atmosphere in high latitudes and over the Atlantic. 2. Disturbing currents of a more local character, occurring over the telegraphic lines *some time before the storm appears* to which they owe their origin, *thus lengthening the distance and time at which the approach of the storm may be perceived!* 3. Disturbing currents, still more restricted, accompanying the electric changes when the storm itself is passing.” *Blood-red streamers* of aurora crossing the sky, and meteoric and electrical exhibitions preceded the gale in which the “Royal Charter” went down. If we could have more magnetic and meteorological observatories, as Buchan suggests, the magnetic and electric states of the atmosphere and auroras might be made our most valuable prognostics of storms.

It has also been discovered that the presence of large quantities of ozone (which can easily be ascertained by ozone test-papers) foreshadow an impending atmospheric storm.

These unbidden monitions, together with many others—as the sun setting red, a remarkably red color of the clouds; the sign almost infallible, at Mauritius, of the brick-dust haze in the horizon; a thick, muddy atmosphere, but extraordinarily clear on mountains; frequent shiftings of breezes from all points,

thick fog flying fast to the south, a bright halo round the moon, starts very brilliant and unusually twinkling at low altitudes, noises in caverns and wells like a storm, moisture on walls and pavements, sea-birds coming to land, water-fowl flying about; the swell of ocean rolling in, though the hurricane may be 600 miles distant; turtles floating in the

calm, *apparently in a state of stupor*; the sea peculiarly clear at great depths, tides irregular; branches of trees not bent forward as by a stream, but constantly whirled about; water rising in wells and ponds; disturbances of currents on the telegraphic wires—are some of the oft-observed presages of the “thing of evil.”—*Scribner's Monthly*.

THE BRAVE OLD COXSWAIN.

On the north coast of Devon, situated near that most remarkable work of nature—the Pebble Ridge—is the small and quiet fishing town of Appledore. There is nothing very remarkable in this town, except that dwelling in it there is many a hero of the truest type, who, though wearing the coarse garb of a fisherman, has a heart that beats with true feeling, and is always ready to manifest it in the most practical way whenever occasion demands. Connected with the town is a life-boat, bearing the appropriate name, “Hope,” belonging to the “National Life-Boat Institution.” Owing to the very dangerous shore, she is often launched for the purpose of saving human life from shipwreck. She has done good service in her day, and, though many have lost their lives in manning her in trying to save the lives of others, yet even now—let the night be never so dark, and the tempest never so rough—whenever the cry rings through the town—“A vessel ashore!”—there is always a band of men who gladly volunteer to pull the “Hope” over the surging waves to the scene of action.

At the head of these sons of bravery is Joseph Cox, the coxswain, whose life-boat experience has been something remarkable. He was instrumental in saving many from drowning, even before he entered the Life-Boat service, and at the present moment he can “reckon up” over 200 lives saved by him.

He became the Coxswain of the Appledore Life-Boat in the year 1830. At one time he put off to a wreck at

seven o'clock in the morning; he was driven backwards and forwards; started three times successively, cheering his men, who worked with praiseworthy energy, and, after weathering a heavy sea for nine hours, succeeded in saving two out of five. At another time, he and his crew were called out at midnight to launch their boat to save the crew of a Portuguese brig that was foundering in the bay. After battling with the waves for some considerable time, the whole crew was saved. But the last important wreck Cox was engaged in was that of an Austrian vessel, of which the quarterly journal of the “Life-Boat Institution” gave the following report:—

“Appledore, Devon.—About 1 p. m. on the 28th December, Joseph Cox, the coxswain of the “Hope” Life-Boat stationed at Appledore, was informed by the coast-guard that two vessels were embayed, and would probably go on shore. He instantly assembled his crew, obtained horses, and dragged out the life-boat on her carriage, ready for action. The vessel most in danger was the Austrian barque “Pace;” and, as she tried to work out of the bay, the life-boat and her crew kept along the shore directly under her lee, moving along with her. At length she grounded. The life-boat was launched without delay over the Pebble Ridge, and dashed into a terrific surf. The crew behaved most nobly; the boat at times was as upright as a ladder against a wall, and seas swept through her from stem to stern; but they stuck to it, reached the barque, and managed

to make fast to her. The crew were all assembled under shelter of the cuddy, and not one would give a stern rope to the boat, or move from his position, excepting one boy, who ran to the side and dropped into the boat all safe. More than five minutes elapsed without a soul stirring on board; at length eight of them made a rush together for the life-boat, jumped helter-skelter over the side, missed the boat, and fell into the water, but were all picked up save one. A tremendous sea now struck the boat and drove her under the counter, where the rudder was carried away, and old Cox much bruised, as he was jammed up against the counter, but his life-belt saved him, it being broken however by the collision. In vain did the life-boat crew appeal to the remainder of the men on board the barque to come to the boat; they would not stir; so the life-boat, seriously damaged and with the loss of her rudder, was obliged to return to the shore, where she landed safely her crew and nine of the "Pace's" men. Old Cox, notwithstanding the severe nip he had received, and the damaged state of the boat, called for another crew of volunteers, and once more manned the 'Hope,' he and his son and one other of the old crew going in her; and, to prove the readiness of the brave volunteers of North Devon, the boat was launched with one man too many on board. On this second trip young Cox steered with an oar in place of the rudder, the stern of the boat having been damaged. In this state they had nearly again reached the ship, when a wave broke over the bow, swept over the crew, and carried young Cox (who was standing up steering with the oar) right over the stern. The loss of the steering-oar made the boat broach to, and the next wave found her broadside on, and rolled her over, throwing all the crew into the surf. As she righted, the younger Cox managed to get into her again, and one by one the brave fellows all got on board, excepting old Cox. He had drifted some distance, and they had only three oars

left, with these, however, they managed to turn the boat's head round, and at last the brave old coxswain was enabled to clutch the blade of an oar, when all but done for, and was got into the boat."

Cox's bravery has several times been acknowledged in suitable ways. In his little parlor are hanging three certificates, sent by the committee of the "National Life-Boat Institution." The same committee has sent him a silver medal with clasps. Richard Lewis, Esq., indefatigable Secretary of the Institution, has presented him with a handsomely-bound hymn-book. The Emperor of Austria has likewise sent him a silver Cross of Merit of the Order of Francis Joseph; besides other gifts from private individuals, of all which, it is hardly necessary to say, Cox is very proud.

The worthy old coxswain has been a member of a Christian church for nearly thirty years. He is also a Sabbath-school teacher. The writer heard him address the Sunday scholars a few weeks ago, when he related a portion of his experience. He said "I could never have gone through what I have, if I did not know the power of religion. The last time I was out with the life-boat, she capsized and I was thrown into the water. I was beaten down time after time by the breakers. I began to despair of my life, when all at once I seemed to hear a voice saying to me, "*I will never leave thee nor forsake thee*;" an immense wave hove me to the boat, when I was taken in quite exhausted." As he was giving this account of his adventure, his lips quivered, and the tears ran down his weather-beaten face, and all present felt the power of his words.

The brave old coxswain's temperance principles are worthy of note. Once he was brought ashore in quite a senseless state. A kind friend, anxious to use all means to revive him, tried to pour brandy between his lips; but Cox, as if by instinct, instantly spat it out, and he soon revived.

Old Cox has seen so many Jack-tars ship-wrecked—both in body and soul—by drink, that he has a well-grounded antipathy against everything that can make a man drunk.

We commend the worthy old coxswain's courage, firmness, and his testimony to the blessed truth of the Gospel, to all our readers.

Afloat.

To a landsman the sea is a dreadful monotony, a wide waste of the world; and when he leaves one port for another, he longs to enter the destined harbor; not so with the sailor. From a boy his eye has been accustomed to rest upon the broad expanse of waters, and become conversant with and be at home, ever reading his sea-book, in which the great Creator has written the sea and the dry land alike possess their abundance.

The sailor talks of the tides and the various depths of the sea; what floats above, and what beautifies its base beneath; what the jewels of the deep are, and in what localities you may find them. Why as well think of the boy a stranger in his father's house, as the sailor ignorant of the chambers and furniture of the great deep? Men build towns and cities, and in them you will see beautiful gardens, choice flowers and vines, and thick shrubbery, with, here and there, ornamented marbles. Uncover the deep, deep blue sea, and wonders burst upon your vision. Men are there, but they are not builders. Quietly "they rest from their labors, and their works do follow them;" yet builders are there, and among the most conspicuous and numerous workmen may be seen the little coral, specimens of which grace many a mantle. Who thinks the land below more desolate than the land above? The sailor's God is the God of creation, as the firmament above and the surface of the earth, so the land below the sea.

There are dangers on the deep, but a sailor knows them not until he

meets them. Ever watchful of the clouds, sure heralds of the storm, he guards against the coming tempest. The faithful barometer tells him when it "falls" of the change for bad weather, and the prudent mariner "reefs or furls," getting ready for the worst when it comes.

A sailor on shore may be made drunk, and wake up and find that he is fleeced of all his hard earnings; but what cares he for money? on the shore he is abroad, on the sea he is at home, and it is at home he finds his sorest trials. The ship makes too much leeway, in spite of all his skill at the wheel; do his best to brace his yards, the fickle wind will change a point. If the ship does not sail well, who is blamed? the poor sailor. Captain is cross, first mate is ugly, and the second mate indulges in violent language, and sometimes worse. I have often thought, is there no remedy? must the poor sailor always suffer abuse? Who pleads against the many petty wrongs to which he is exposed? If he has but few upon the sea, let him have hearts, and hands and voices by the hundreds and thousands upon the land. If they were better treated at sea, for kindness will make warm attachments, they would, in many instances, remain on board when in port. The deck would not be the reminder of ill usage, but of sincere friendship. Don't forget this, if you are a captain. The sailor has a soul possessing all the powers of intelligence and self-respect; call them out, and there lives not a man of fairer front.

A Romance of the Peerage.

The following particulars have been gleaned of the life of the late Earl Aberdeen, recently drowned at sea, in the twenty-ninth year of his age: "In the winter of 1863. Lord Haddo (his lordship's then title) proceeded to New Brunswick, of which province one of his uncles was governor, and was there when, in April, 1864, the news of his father's death unexpectedly reached him. He at

once returned to Scotland. After about a year and a half spent at home, he returned to New Brunswick, and in 1866 commenced the long and arduous expedition which has now been brought to so disastrous a close. Laying aside altogether for a time his rank and name, he engaged in the American merchant service, and was, with some intervals, employed as chief officer or captain in various ships until the time of his death. For this undertaking he had carefully qualified himself, and there is reason to believe that had he lived to complete his intended voyages, and to return to this country, he would have availed himself of the information he had acquired to procure an amelioration in the status of the sailors of the mercantile marine, and reforms in the enactments which affect them. This was a subject on which he felt and spoke strongly. A stroke of his pen would at any time have provided him with ample supplies of money, but he resolutely adhered to a determination made at the outset of his expedition, and from the day on which he left New Brunswick he never, with a single trifling exception, received or spent a penny that he had not earned by the labor of his hands or brain, maintaining himself during the intervals between his voyages by teaching navigation to young sailors and other persons. A skillful and scientific navigator, he was as an officer a favorite with his employers, whilst all who came in contact with him spoke warmly of the charm of his manner, and bore emphatic testimony to the simple and exemplary life of the young sea-captain, whose real position appears never to have been suspected by those among whom he lived.

The Uses of Glycerine.

This substance, discovered by Scheele in 1780, is one which has come into use for a great many applications during the past few years, in consequence of some peculiar properties which it has been found to possess. The mode of preparation

need not be indicated here, as it is familiar to most of our readers. It is a colorless syrup of a sweet taste, attracts water from the air and other bodies, is soluble in alcohol and ether, and may be ignited, burning with a blue flame.

It does not dry away, and has a sweet taste, without being sticky like syrup. It passes with difficulty into a condition of fermentation, and consequently does not readily spoil. It is used for the preparation of moist colors for the painter and of embossing clay, the preparation of animal bladders and of the weavers' starch, now known by the name of glycercole. Mixed with an equal weight of glue it forms a material for printers' rollers, and it is also used as a toilet article to prevent the chapping of the hands and face, and likewise for a soap, serviceable with very hard water.

It is used also in putting up fruit, for filling gas meters to prevent freezing, and for the extraction of delicate perfumes; and in dyeing, to prevent the deposition of metallic oxides by alkalies. Plaster models, washed first with a solution of soap, and then coated with glycerine, allow the cast to be removed without any difficulty. Animal glue, mixed with one-fourth its weight of glycerine, loses its bitterness after drying, and remains flexible. The list of applications of glycerine might be greatly extended, as in the preparation of nitro-glycerine and dynamite, in rendering petroleum casks impervious to that liquid by coating them internally with a mixture of glycerine and glue, &c., many of which we have previously adverted to; while for its many uses in medicine and surgery, it is only necessary to refer to the text book and journals of the day.

The Great Lakes.

The following is the latest measurement of the North American lakes:—The greatest length of Lake Superior is 335 miles; its greatest breadth is 160 miles; mean depth 688 feet; elevation, 627 feet; area

82,000 square miles. The greatest length of Lake Michigan is 390 miles; its greatest breadth, 180 miles; mean depth, 600 feet; elevation, 506 feet; area, 23,000 square miles. The greatest length of Lake Huron is 200 miles; its greatest breadth, 160 miles; mean depth, 600 feet; elevation, 270 feet; area, 20,000 square miles. The greatest length of Lake Erie is 250 miles; its greatest breadth, 80 miles; mean depth, 84 feet; elevation, 555 feet; area, 6,000 square miles. The greatest length of Lake Ontario is 180 miles; its greatest breadth, 65 miles; mean depth, 500 feet; elevation 260 feet; area, 3,600 square miles. The length of all five is 1,584 miles, and they cover an area of upward of 130,000 square miles.

Custom-House Statistics.

The following statement exhibits the number of vessels, and the nationality and denomination thereof, arriving at the port of New York in the year 1870:—

Nation- ality.	Steam- ships.	Ships.	Bks.	Bgs.	Schrs.	Total.
American	207	240	319	476	763	2,184
British	459	146	373	640	357	1,979
N. German	96	42	123	47	1	310
Dutch	...	1	8	17	9	36
Norwegian	3	77	15	95
Italian	...	2	43	39	...	84
Spanish	1	...	5	12	3	23
French	26	2	4	3	...	37
Austrian	14	1	...	15
Portuguese	...	4	2	11	1	13
Danish	12	21	2	35
Swedish	11	10	...	21
Belgian	...	2	1	3
Russian	5	...	1	6
Mexican	2	3	5
Brazilian	3	...	3
Argentine	4	4
Nicaragua	1	1
Liberian	1	1

Total	789	442	1,002	1,297	1,146	4,860
Total arrived in 1866	4,891
" " " 1867	4,678
" " " 1868	4,861
" " " 1869	5,364
" " " 1870	4,860

The decrease of arrivals last year from 1869 was 504; British ships fell off 243; American, 76; North German, 102, and Italian, 64. When the Franco-Prussian war broke out, it was predicted that the commerce of North Germany and France would be paralyzed, but the prediction has not been fulfilled. The German Steamship Companies suffered brief

suspension and irregularity, but no very serious loss or embarrassment ensued. As compared with the previous year, French shipping increased slightly at this port in 1870. With the restoration of peace in Europe, and the establishment of several new lines of steamships about to be effected, with a fair prospect also just now for increased importation, it is confidently believed that the commerce of New York with foreign ports during the current year, will exceed that of any previous year within the last decade.

Money Well Spent.

CAPTAIN S. C. SMITH, of Portland, was one day passing through one of the streets of Boston, when he saw a poor sailor lying upon the sidewalk with his feet in the gutter in such a position as to endanger his limbs, if not his life. Captain Smith pulled him out of the gutter, aroused him, and, by degrees, got his history. He was from a good family who lived in the eastern part of Maine; had been well educated, and exhibited even now a brilliant intellect and amiable disposition. He had been sick, he said; had staid his time out in a public hospital, and had that morning been discharged without a cent, and in so feeble a state as to disqualify him for going to sea at present.

"Then why don't you go home?" said Captain Smith.

"I cannot pay my passage; I have no money," answered the desponding sailor.

"Have you found any one who would give you your breakfast?" said the Captain.

"No," was the reply; "but I found a man who gave me something to drink, and as I was very weak and very hungry, the liquor overcame me; but I am not so much intoxicated as I seem to be—I have my senses perfectly well."

"How much will take you home?" inquired the Captain.

"There is," said the tar, "a vessel lying at that wharf, which will take me within two miles of home for one dollar, and I would go if I only had the money."

"Now, shipmate," continued Captain Smith, "give me your hand; look me straight in the eye, and promise me, on the honor of a sailor, that you will never drink any more of the poisonous stuff, and I will give you some breakfast and pay your passage home."

The sailor clasped his emaciated fingers around the rough, hard hand of the Captain, and gave the promise. Captain Smith gave him the bill and went his way.

Three years afterward, as Captain Smith was passing along Exchange-street, Portland, some one behind him called out:

"Cap'n! Cap'n! hallo, Cap'n!"

Captain Smith turned, and a well-dressed stranger grasped him by the hand, and inquired if he knew him. He confessed he did not recollect ever to have seen him before. The stranger, after several ineffectual attempts to refresh his memory, finally brought to his recollection the scene narrated above, and said that he was the sailor to whom he had thus acted the part of the Samaritan, and insisted on restoring fourfold the money which had been bestowed on that occasion. All remuneration was refused, and the young man was exhorted to go and do likewise.

"I will, with all my heart," said he, as the tears gathered in his eyes; "but I owe you a debt I can never discharge. I have never broken my promise, and by the help of God, I never will. I went home after you left me, and by the entreaty of my friends, I commenced trading, and am now here to purchase goods. I have prospered in business, and have lately been united to the woman of my choice. You have saved my soul and body, for I trust I have lately been made acquainted with the blessed Saviour of sinners. Oh! if my old father could only get hold of your hand, he would almost wring it from your body for gratitude."

The heart of the generous Captain was melted, the flood-gates of his soul were opened, and they wept together like two children, shook hands again, exchanged a hearty "God bless you," and parted.

The Sinking Ship; or, Rich for a Moment.

The ship "Britannia," which struck on the rocks off the coast of Brazil, had on board a large consignment of Spanish dollars. In the hope of saving some of them, a number of barrels were brought on deck; but the vessel was sinking so fast, that the only hope for life was in taking at once to the boats. The last boat was about to push off, when a midshipman rushed back to see if any one was still on board. To his surprise, there sat a man on deck with a hatchet in his hand, with which he had broken open several of the casks, the contents of which he was now heaping up about him.

"What are you doing?" shouted the youth. "Escape for your life! Don't you know the ship is fast going to pieces?"

"The ship may," said the man. "I have lived a poor wretch all my life, and I am determined to die rich."

His remonstrances were answered only by another flourish of the hatchet; and he was left to his fate. In a few minutes, the ship was engulfed in the waves.

We count such a sailor a madman; but he has too many imitators. Many men seem determined to die rich at all hazards. Least of all risks do they count the chance of losing the soul in the struggle. And yet the only riches we can hug to our bosom with joy in our dying hour are the riches of grace through faith in our only Saviour, Jesus Christ. Let us make these riches ours before the dark hour comes.—*Friendly Visitor.*

Funeral on the Ice.

A funeral at sea is always impressive; but this evening, at seven o'clock, as we gathered around the sad remains of poor Scott reposing under a Union Jack, and read the burial-service by the light of lanterns, the effect could not fail to awaken very serious feelings.

The greater part of the service was read on board. The body was then placed in a sledge, and drawn by the

messmates of the deceased to a short distance from the ship, where a hole through the ice had been cut: it was then "committed to the deep," and the service completed. What a scene it was! I shall never forget it,—the lonely "Fox" almost buried in snow, completely isolated from the habitable world; the colors half-mast high and bell mournfully tolling; our little procession slowly marching over the rough surface of the frozen ice, guided by lanterns and direction-posts amid the dark and dreary depth of arctic winter; the deathlike stillness; the intense cold, and threatening aspect of a murky, overcast sky; and all this lightened by one of those strange lunar phenomena,—a complete halo encircling the moon, through which passed a horizontal band of pale light: above the moon appeared the segments of two other halos, and there were also mock moons to the number of six. The misty atmosphere lent a very ghastly hue to this singular display, which lasted for rather more than an hour.

Poor Scott fell down a hatchway two days only before his death, which was occasioned by the injuries there received. He was a steady, serious man. A widow and family will mourn his loss. He was our engine driver.

The peculiar state of the atmosphere in these northern regions cause many singular appearances in the heavens. When the moon shed its cold beams on this sorrowful scene, its appearance was such as is represented in the picture. You may have often seen a halo, or circle of light, round the moon. This is caused by the fleecy clouds which are floating in the air: the rays of the moon passing through the clouds are bent, and thus produce this beautiful appearance. In these northern parts, where it is extremely cold, very small crystals of ice float in the place of clouds; and, as the rays of the sun or moon pass through this frozen mist, the spectator sees not only a halo, but also images of the sun or moon on the halo, at equal distances from each other, as you have sometimes seen the image of

the sun in a lake. The rays are bent, and then produce to the eye an appearance or image like the sun or moon. In the same way, a rainbow is formed by the reflected rays of the sun from drops of falling rain. We see a rainbow when we stand between the sun and the rain: but we see the haloes and mock moons when the frozen mist is between us and the moon.

These singular appearances may well remind us of the Psalmist's words: "The heavens declare the glory of God, and the firmament showeth his handiwork."

New-Zealanders and the Ship

"Boyd."

About forty years ago, a large merchant-vessel, called *The Boyd*, sailed to New Zealand, which was not then a Christian country, in order to obtain a cargo of wood. The vessel was the largest and the best armed which had, up to that time, appeared on the coast for the purposes of trade. The New-Zealanders were therefore anxious to obtain possession of her; and by enticing the captain and some of the crew away from the ship into the interior of the island, where they fell upon and murdered them, while at the same time they attacked those who were left on board the vessel, and killed them also, they accomplished their wicked purposes.

The consequences of this dreadful act to the people who committed it were very awful. The party of natives on board the ship soon fell to quarreling; and, ignorant of the nature and use of fire-arms and of gunpowder, the vessel was soon set on fire, and burned, with numbers of the people on board. Some barrels of gunpowder had been likewise taken on shore. Supposing that this must be some kind of food, which needed to be cooked in order to be made proper to eat, they soon made preparations for a sumptuous repast, —a repast upon cooked gunpowder! The ovens were prepared, and one large barrel was put in. By and by

the ovens got heated, the powder caught fire, and dreadful destruction ensued; numbers of the miserable natives being killed, and blown to atoms. So "the Lord is known by the judgment which he executeth; and the wicked is snared in the work of his own hand."

The Haunted Ship.

In the year 1853 I was first mate of the "H.," a three-decked ship of about fifteen hundred tons burden, lying in Mobile Bay waiting for a cargo of cotton. Our sailors, twenty-four in number, were all colored men, pretty fair seamen generally, but, with four or five exceptions, wofully ignorant, and correspondingly superstitious. We had been in the bay between three and four months, so the spars and rigging had been thoroughly overhauled and put to rights. I was sitting in the cabin one evening planning out work for the ensuing day, when my second mate, a rough old seaman of the packet school, requested an audience.

"Well, Mr. K., what is the matter now?"

"The matter is, sir, that those darkeys forward there are getting so scared that unless we do something to or for them they won't be worth shucks; some of them ain't good for much now, and there's no use in having the rest of 'em spoiled."

"But what are they frightened at? I have never heard anything of it before now."

"No! they were afraid to say anything to you about it; but for the last month they have a yarn about a headless ghost going around the decks at night, groaning at an awful rate. Some of 'em say it's a darkey without a head, and others say it's a white chap with a black face; but whatever it is, there they are, afraid to come on deck after dark or stand anchor-watch alone."

"This is a strange piece of business. If there is a ghost aboard I should think it would first pay its respects to the quarter-deck. Do you think any of the rascals are playing tricks?"

"No, sir! the knowingest ones is the most scared. There's Bob and Jackson ought to know better, but they both swear they saw it in the middle-watch last night; just told the third mate so."

"Well! suppose we go and inquire into it."

We went forward together, and came down so suddenly upon the sailors that they evidently thought two ghosts had arrived instead of one. After the alarm and confusion had subsided, I told them what I had already heard, and asked for further information, which was readily furnished by a dozen eager volunteers, who, now that their tongues were loosened by authority, seemed anxious to outrival each other in their tale of horrors. It is needless to repeat their stories; but about half of them had seen the ghost in some of its forms, and all of them had repeatedly heard the groans. Bob and Jackson, my two best men, who were acting as boatswains, positively declared that they had seen it in the fore-castle on the previous night, standing up against the *bitt* where I was then leaning. This *bitt*, a timber about a foot square, coming down through from the upper to the main deck, near the middle of the fore-castle, was painted black up to within a foot of the deck, and the remainder of it lead color. On either side of it, in the spar-deck, was a bulls'-eye to admit light, and there were several nails on which were hanging various articles of clothing.

"You saw the ghost standing right here, did you?"

"Yes, sir! right where you are now, sir!"

"Was the moon shining last night?"

"Yes, sir! quite bright in the middle-watch!"

"Did you speak to or try to catch the ghost?"

"No, sir! wouldn't do such a thing for the world."

"If you had, you would have found out that the ghost was nothing more nor less than this *bitt*, with the moon shining through the bull's-eyes on it and on the clothing you see hanging there now. I never

knew of a ghost that didn't dwindle into a moonbeam or a piece of linen."

There was a general look of incredulity upon the faces of the crew, and one of them mustered up courage to ask:

"But how about the groans and noises, sir?"

"O, some of you snore loud, and all the rest is imagination."

Finding that argument or persuasion were of no use in altering the opinions of my crew, I left them, after giving the following admonition:—

"Now, men! in the first place, there are no such things as ghosts; and secondly, I wish you to understand that there is no ghost aboard of *this* ship; and if you can't be made to understand it in any other way, I'll give you the fun of hunting all night for it. You know what I mean. Good night!"

Having given the second mate his orders for the following day, I sat down to think the matter over, and "ask myself a few questions," as the sailors say. One thing that had puzzled me was now accounted for. Several of the men had come to me for permission to be transferred to other ships that were ready for sea, but this I had attributed to the characteristic restlessness of the class. My ship was considered a good one for sailors; they were well fed and kindly used so long as they behaved themselves; had plenty of work to do, so that there was no time for growling or fomenting discord.

It was the ghost that made them anxious to leave the ship. There was no fear of their running away ashore, because, in those days, if a colored man could not show his free papers in the South, he was presumably a slave, and held as such; but there where many ships in the bay that were short-handed, and it was no uncommon thing for men to be spirited away from one ship to another, when the latter was going to sea early in the morning. Mates of ships were not very scrupulous about the manner of filling up their crews in those days, as I well knew. Having pondered all of these things

carefully, and not seeing any present way out of my troubles, I turned in, trusting to fortune for the future, but at the same time I resolved to keep an extra look-out whenever any ships were about getting ready for sea.

Things progressed as usual aboard of the ship for several days, and I heard nothing more about the ghost; but my own time was coming. One evening I had given my junior officers permission to absent themselves from the ship, and was sitting by myself alone in the cabin, awaiting their return. Being tired of my book, I sat dozing in a chair, when my reveries were disturbed by a sound like a half-smothered groan, that seemed to come from the forward part of the cabin on the starboard side. I was wide awake in an instant, though scarcely able to credit my senses. The groans were distinct enough, and were repeated in about the same interval that is required for a human breath; still, my light did not burn blue, nor did the ghost appear. As I listened the sounds came nearer, but seemed to rise up from the lower between-decks. I felt assured that the men, knowing my officers were absent, had arranged this plan to try my nerves. Without any further consideration, I slipped off my shoes, trimmed my dark lantern, armed myself with a good stick, and started in search of the ghost. Going to the main hatch, the only one open, I went down between decks, and hauling the ladder after me, proceeded aft, where the noises could be distinctly heard; but before reaching the mizzen-mast, they came, apparently, from beneath my feet. This was not pleasant, but my pride was aroused, and if there was any trick in the matter, it would not do for me to back out without discovering it; so I went back to the main hatch again, and down to the lower deck; but this time I did not take the ladder away. Flashing the light ahead of me, I went carefully along, guarding against a surprise. This was needless, for, upon reaching the locality of the sounds, they were beneath my feet again, coming up

from the lower hold. Matters were assuming an unpleasant aspect. I will not say that my hair stood on end, but certainly my feet stood still, while my confidence in the supernatural and myself began to be slightly shaken. I hesitated, doubted, and finally concluding that it would be better to wait until my officers returned before pursuing the investigation, beat a most inglorious retreat to the cabin; but there I could not rest, for now the sounds were apparently under the cabin floor, as if they had followed me up from the lower hold. Suddenly I thought of the carpenter, a stalwart Dutchman, and, hurrying to his room, roused him out.

"Chips! Do you hear that noise?"

"Yes, sir; I pese hear him many times, and I shust puts mine head unter mine plankets and says notings."

"Turn out now, and come down in the hold with me, and we will see what it is."

"Dunder unt Blitzen! I shall nicht go."

"Come along, you fool," said I, impatiently; "you are no worse off there than here. I have been down between-decks alone, and now I want you along, so that if any of the men are down in the hold we can cut them off."

This view of the case seemed to reassure him somewhat, and we soon found ourselves in the lower hold. Wending our way aft over the ballast—the sounds constantly becoming more audible—we finally reached the stern-post, and there, while the groans came mournfully from among the timbers of the stern frame, we stood still, no one visible but ourselves.

I do not know whether I was frightened, but my heart never beat so fast before; and the poor Dutchman stood trembling as if struck with palsy, the drops of perspiration starting out like beads. My own nerves were somewhat shaken, but there was the pride of rank and station; so, after listening to the unearthly sounds for a few minutes, we returned to the cabin together,

for the carpenter would not turn in again until his room-mate came aboard. When my juniors returned we all went down into the hold and listened for some time to the sounds, which were apparently traveling along through the timbers. We could not satisfy ourselves regarding the cause, and finally retired, thinking that the poor darkeys might, after all, have had some foundation for their fears.

We remained some three months longer in the Bay, and as no secret was made of these occurrences the old "H." received the name of "The Haunted Ship." Many a merry party we had in the cabin, and then would go down into the hold to listen to the unearthly wailings of the tortured spirit who had chosen my ship for his abiding-place. At length our own day of sailing came. Having but little wind in the morning, the steamboat *Swan* came to tow us outside of Mobile Point. While at my station on the forecandle I heard Captain George aboard of the *Swan* calling out for my harpoon, which was handed over to him, and in a few minutes there was a splashing in the water along side, a shouting on board the *Swan*, and then—our ghost was lying on her forward guards!

Work was temporarily suspended, so that all hands might see what form the spirit had taken. There lay an immense Jew, or drum-fish, a well-known denizen of southern waters, which receives its name from the hollow, drum-like sound it makes when seeking for its food. This specimen was of unusual size, being nearly six feet long, and weighing over six hundred pounds. Having taken on board about two hundred pounds weight of his ghostship as an addition to our sea-stock of provisions, we tripped our anchor, made sail, and were soon out in the Gulf of Mexico, making the best of our way towards the Gulf of St. Lawrence, to take in a cargo of deals for London.

Notwithstanding the capture of the drum-fish, and the rational solution of the mystery, some of the

crew were loath to abandon the delusion; and until the "H." was lost, two years afterwards, she bore everywhere the ill name of "The Haunted Ship."

The Resurrection of Sailors.

BY A SAILOR.

"The sea gave up the dead which were in it." So says the Bible. Rev. xx. 13. Brother sailor, did you ever see a funeral at sea? Did you ever see the body of a man committed to the deep? A scene more solemn I have never witnessed. It happened in the course of my voyages that two persons died. We were far from land. They had been long from home, and were returning to see their kindred and their country; but, alas! they never saw their homes again. There was no kind relative near them to smooth their dying pillow. They died in the midst of strangers, we buried them in the wide blue ocean; there to remain until the sea shall give up the dead which are in it.

At the funeral of each we assembled on deck. Our doctor read the burial service. There was no coffin. The body was wrapped in a piece of canvass and some heavy shot placed near the feet, in order to sink it. It was then laid on a plank, which hung partly over the side of the ship; and when the words were read, "We therefore commit his body to the deep," one end of the plank was raised, and our poor fellow-traveler sank into a watery grave.

Here let us think for a moment of many a sailor's grave. The sea is larger than the dry land. What a mighty grave! Multitudes have been buried there; for multitudes die at sea. Some die a natural death; others fall overboard; while many are wrecked and never heard of afterwards.

One day we heard a fearful cry through the ship, "There is a man overboard!" Oh he was a fine fellow! He had fallen off the yard arm. The sea was running high, and we were sailing fast, and the gale blew fierce-

ly. We saw him buffeting with the waves, but could not render him any assistance. We put the ship about, but he disappeared. It is calculated that in the course of one year, the number of deaths at sea, by shipwrecks and other causes, amounts to many thousands. How few sailors think of this; and perhaps fewer still prepare to meet their God!

Now let us consider that this grave shall be emptied. The sea shall give up its dead. These sailors shall rise again. Yes, "the trumpet shall sound, and the dead shall be raised." "All that are in the graves shall hear" the voice of the Son of God, "and shall come forth: they that have done good, unto the resurrection of life; and they that have done evil, unto the resurrection of damnation." John v. 28, 29. It does not matter whether the fish have eaten them, or the worms of the earth have preyed upon them, or the wild beasts have devoured them, or the fire has consumed them. "There shall be a resurrection of the dead, both of the just and unjust." Acts xxiv. 15. We all must rise again!

Then, after the resurrection, will be the judgment. "We must all appear before the judgment-seat of Christ; that every one may receive the things done in his body, according to that he hath done, whether it be good or bad." 2 Cor. v. 10. In sight of the terrors of that day, many a landsman would wish that he might have remained in the earth, and many a sailor would wish to have remained in the sea: but no! They must come forth to appear at the great reckoning. I think I see them standing, sinners of every class plainly distinguished. There will be the drunkards; there the swearers; there the Sabbath-breakers; there the liars; there the fornicators; there the hypocrites; there the crowd that neglected their souls with various vain excuses! Oh! what will they do? Reader, would you like to be among any of these? The men who in this life were once afraid of rocks will call upon the rocks to hide them. But it will not do; noth-

ing can hide them from the eye of the Judge. Do you ask what will become of them? "These shall go away into everlasting punishment; but the righteous into life eternal." Matt. xxv. 46. O brother sailor, when you hear these things will you not cry out, What shall I do to be saved? Permit me to speak freely to you on the subject.

1. I know that you can value the kindness of those who are striving to do you good. I am the seaman's friend, my time has been much with sailors. I have crossed the line six times, and have labored hard for your good.

The first sailor to whom I gave a Bible, belonged to a frigate. He had been hearing a sermon. The tears had been rolling down his cheeks. God had touched his conscience. A strange feeling had come over his spirit, about his sins. It was an interesting moment in the young man's life. When he received the book, he pressed it to him, and then thrusting it into his pocket, he exclaimed, "There, sir, I will part with this book the same day that I part with my head." Was not that like a sailor?

Often have I seen scores of these brave men weeping while they heard of the love of Christ to sailors as well as others: and after a large distribution of religious tracts, you might have seen a whole tier of ships, with the men sitting on the bow, in the rigging, on the bulk-heads, or on the cables, each apart from the other, reading these silent messengers of mercy. Only sailors would have done this.

2. You know that many efforts have been made by godly men of late years to save the souls of sailors; and you know that many striking changes have taken place among seamen.

One Monday morning I was walking the deck, and said to the sail-maker, "How did you like the preaching yesterday?" I like it very well, sir, but I like the cook's prayers best of all." "Do you know that praying cook?" "Oh, yes, sir, we sailed many voyages together, and then he was as big a sinner as I was; but when I heard him pray, my heart

trembled, and I said to myself, that is religion."

Now, brother sailor, have you not heard and seen something like this? Has your heart trembled or rejoiced? Could you hear an old shipmate pray, and not wish to be like him? Could you hear an old shipmate speak from his heart about Christ, and not wish to be able to speak of him too? And why should you not? Cannot God pardon you, and save you, and bless you, as well as your old shipmate? Oh, come then at once, and seek that Saviour! A really praying man is a happy man. He is prepared to meet his God. Death and eternity will be glorious to him. Oh, come then, and seek to be like that man. The very act of trying for it will do you good. It will bring you to your knees. It will bring you to the Bible. Thus you may be led to Jesus, saying, "Lord, save: I perish;" and Jesus will stretch out his hand and save you.

3. Very many sailors are unprepared to die.

This they acknowledge. They are mostly generous and warm-hearted, and would help any poor fellow in distress; you know that; but at the same time they curse, and swear, and drink without restraint. 'Alas! "there is no fear of God before their eyes."

One of their greatest calamities is, that they are sent too early to sea; thus they have for their teachers and companions, only wicked youths, or hardened old sinners. These bold transgressors take delight in training the boy in their evil ways, until he becomes as bad as themselves. The Bible which his mother gave him lies quietly in his sea-chest unread; and though now and then he goes to his chest to rig himself in his best jacket and trousers, yet the holy book lies untouched. Reader! perhaps you are that guilty youth. Oh, how will your mother's Bible witness against you at the last day! This is the case with many sailors; and so they live, and so they die. Oh, what a resurrection will they have!

4. Remember, no sailor can go to heaven unless he is converted.

A converted man is a pardoned man, and a justified man, and he will become a glorified saint. As a believer in Jesus Christ his Saviour, he is always prepared to die.

Nearly all my old shipmates are dead, but I cannot bear to think of some of them. One captain jumped overboard, another was found dead in his hammock, and a third died a drunkard on shore. Oh, how they live!—oh, how they die! Sailors! I cannot bear unmoved the thought that you should be unprepared.—Take care of the rocks on which others have been wrecked. Shun the company of the wicked. Take the Lord Jesus Christ for your Saviour; God's people for your companions; God's book for your guide; and God's heavenly mansions for your dwelling-place. Then if you die at sea, they may justly write of you in the log book,

"Blessed are the dead which die in the Lord;"
and if you die on shore, they can with truth write on your gravestone,

"They die in Jesus, and are blest;
How sweet their slumbers are!"

Oh, sailors, how glorious is this when compared with that saying,

"In hell he lifts up his eyes, being in torments."

5. Sailors, farewell! Though I may not see one of you in this world, I shall meet you when the sea shall give up its dead, and when we shall all appear before the judgment-seat of Christ. Now, take my advice; do not leave the spot on which you may now be reading this paper, until you have asked the Lord Jesus to save you. Do not put this away until you have first resolved to forsake every false way, and by God's help to walk in God's way for evermore. Remember, you cannot save yourselves. By the deeds of the law can no man be justified, but God is "a just God and a Saviour" at the same time: he can be just, and yet the justifier of all who believe in Jesus. Trusting wholly in Jesus we shall be kept as safely as Noah was kept in the ark; and after the storms of life are over, we shall meet in glory.

(For the Sailor's Magazine.)

Jesus, Saviour, Pilot Me.

BY REV. EDWARD HOPPER, D. D.,

Pastor of the Church of the Sea and Land.

I.

JESUS, Saviour, pilot me
Over life's tempestuous sea:
Unknown waves before me roll,
Hiding rock and treacherous shoal;
Chart and compass came from Thee,
Jesus, Saviour, pilot me.

II.

When the Apostles' fragile bark
Struggled with the billows dark,
On the stormy Galilee,
Thou didst walk upon the sea;
And when they beheld Thy form,
Safe they glided through the storm.

III.

Though the sea be smooth and bright,
Sparkling with the stars of night,
And my ship's path be ablaze
With the light of halcyon days,
Still I know my need of Thee;
Jesus, Saviour, pilot me.

IV.

When the darkling heavens frown,
And the wrathful winds come down,
And the fierce waves, tossed on high,
Lash themselves against the sky,
Jesus, Saviour, pilot me
Over life's tempestuous sea.

V.

As a mother stills her child
Thou canst hush the ocean wild;
Boisterous waves obey Thy will
When Thou sayest to them "Be still."
Wondrous Sovereign of the sea,
Jesus, Saviour, pilot me.

VI.

When at last I near the shore,
And the fearful breakers roar
"Twixt me and the peaceful rest,
Then, while leaning on Thy breast,
May I hear Thee say to me,
"Fear not, I will pilot thee."

NEW YORK, MARCH 3, 1871.

OUR WORK :

CORRESPONDENCE, REPORTS, &c.

Honolulu, S. I.

In a recent communication to the Trustees it is stated in regard to Honolulu that, "while the number of whalemén arriving there has decreased, the merchant and steam service is so rapidly increasing, that the labor of a Seamen's Chaplain is now greater than ever, and more evenly distributed throughout the year." A very gratifying testimonial is sent us from the members of Dr. Damon's Church, as to his continued great usefulness. He has been Chaplain to Seamen at that port for over thirty years.

Chile, S. A.

VALPARAISO.

In a letter from Dr. Trumbull, dated Feb. 10th, he says: "Your colporteur Mr. Muller keeps on his way.

Just now the whalers are in considerable numbers at Talcahuano and a friend recently arrived thence was much impressed with the importance of the mission of Dr. Swaney for seamen. Ships arrive that have been informed of your chaplains there by other ships that have been in."

We give the following extracts from Mr. Muller's journal for December and January, during which months he reports 137 visits to ships and 23 to hospitals, viz.:

"On board of H. M. S. *Zealous* sold more than twelve dollars' worth of books; had not enough copies of the Church Services, and was invited to call again. In all seven Bibles and sixty-six volumes have been sold in three visits.

On board of four merchant vessels books were bought to the value of

twenty-one dollars. On board several ships recently visited, divine service is maintained by the captains regularly. Seafaring men were usually cordial.

In the English hospital, reading of the Scriptures and prayer was had with sixteen men who had assembled for the purpose in one of the wards. One patient, who was near his end, expressed the hope that he had obtained pardon of his sins. Another who had been quite indifferent, has manifested a disposition to study the Testament, and of late to listen very seriously.

On board one vessel, an Englishman purchased a copy of the Bible in large print with great satisfaction, and sought also to induce the Chilian men to purchase the Word of God in Spanish. Three naval seamen, who were leaving this port for home, and had not a copy of the New Testament, were supplied gratis."

TALCAHUANO.

Extract from the journal of Rev. J. A. Swaney.

"January 5th. Mr. James Martin, of Conception, died this evening. He came from near Pittsburgh. His religious training was among Presbyterians. He came to this country some ten or twelve years ago. He married a Chilean woman. Like many others who come hither, he sinned with a high hand. Soon after my arrival here, he began to attend our services in Conception, and his interest in them seemed constantly to increase. He carried into effect, under great difficulties, new regulations in regard to his shoe-store on the Sabbath. He gave up his visits to the grog-

shop and the card table. He began to read, with great earnestness, not only the Bible, but such books as "Baxter's Call to the Unconverted," and "Dying Thoughts." For several Sundays of late he followed me from the services to my room in order to spend some time in conversation. I had arranged to have him collect a native Sunday School. In various ways he was one of my best assistants in my work.

On the Tuesday preceding his death, which was on Thursday, he called me to his bedside by telegram, and then besought me to remain with him as long as possible. Before I had time to sit down he asked me to sing and pray with him. He asked for the hymn beginning: "On Jordan's stormy banks I stand." After the exercises, he said: "How sweet is prayer!" His testimony to his faith in Christ, and in Him only for salvation; and to the fact that Christ had become his Saviour, was full and clear. He expressed a great desire for the Lord's Supper, which I administered to him on Wednesday evening. On this occasion his cup of joy was full. Mr. Kelly, an intelligent American who was present, said he never saw a happier man.

Early next morning, he said to Mr. Eaves, his English workman, that during the night he had been betrayed. He referred to what had been going on with regard to the Romish priests. They had called many times to offer their services, but were always told that he desired nothing of the kind. Still they hovered about the house. He told me on Wednesday how he was horrified by a priest coming into him while I was gone. He made every

arrangement he could think of to defeat the plan which he believed the Romanists were forming against him.

Going to him on Thursday morning at seven o'clock, I found his mind fast failing; and at nine when I left him he was wild with delirium. Returning from breakfast, I found the doors closed against me, and I was denied admission to the sick room. During my absence, and while he was out of his senses, his irresponsible consent had been wrested from him to the services of the Romish priests. His delirium was such that his consent could have been got to the most absurd thing in the world. I sent word to his wife that I was there by his special request, and desired to see him. She replied that on account of the influences around her she could not admit me to the room. I retired, and returned again out of anxiety. The doors were open in my absence; on my arrival they were shut in my face. I grieved not for Martin, his soul was safe before he lost his reason, and after that no moral change was possible. The priests performed their ceremonies over an irresponsible victim, conducting the sacrilege in the name of Jesus Christ!

Sunday Jan. 22. I made my fourth visit in the harbor to Mrs. Capt. Kidd, who has been supposed to be near death for several days. My interviews with her have been most pleasing to myself on account of her unwavering faith in Christ. "I am comfortable in Jesus," she said: "I have redemption in his blood." I asked, "Is your prospect of Heaven bright?" She answered, "*Decidedly.*" She began to repeat the 116th psalm:

"I love the Lord, because He hath heard my voice and my supplication." I read it to her twice, and it seemed greatly to refresh her. As a Scotch woman she had been taught to love the Bible; and Scottish firmness, a blemish when unsanctified, has shone forth most brilliantly in her attachment to Christ, I am expecting to meet her in Heaven. She died three days ago.

The whaling captains are beginning to come in. With very few exceptions they are a noble set of men. Nearly all of them, and many of the sailors with them, attend our services. They manifest a good deal of interest in the cause of the mission."

New Orleans, La.

CHAPLAIN PEASE writes us that his efforts in behalf of the Sailors' Home in that city have been measurably successful. For two years now he has sought to get an appropriation from the Legislature to redeem that property, sold some time since under a foreclosure, and at last, by the aid of influential friends, has secured the passage of a bill giving (conditionally) \$15,000 to that deserving object.

It is hoped that the citizens of New Orleans and the friends of the sailor in other places, will come forward and by generous donations, put the Sailors' Home on a substantial basis. There is no port along our whole sea-coast where a Home is more needed than in that city. Mr. Pease deserves the success he has won, and thanks are due to Judge Howell, Dr. Loomis, and others who have variously seconded his efforts:

Buffalo, N. Y.

Rev. P. G. Cook has been appointed Chaplain at this port, in place of Rev. Sanford Halbert, resigned. Mr. Cook has already entered on his labors, and opened the Wells St. Mission Chapel for Sailors and Boatmen and their families, holding service twice every Sabbath, and on Thursday evening. The new arrangement promises to be efficient and useful.

Position of the Principal Planets for April, 1871.

MERCURY is an evening star in this month; is brightest on the evening of the 20th, setting 1 h. 49 m. after the sun, and about 12° north of it; is in conjunction with the moon on the morning of the 21st, at 5 h. 41 m., being $6^{\circ} 21'$ north. On the morning of the 23d, at 9 h. 45 m., it is at its greatest eastern elongation, being $20^{\circ} 21'$ from the sun.

VENUS is also an evening star during this month. On the 15th it sets 2 h. 38 m. after the sun, and $27^{\circ} 7'$ north of west; is in conjunction with the moon on the morning of the 22d at 10 h. 24 m., being $3^{\circ} 38'$ north.

MARS is twice in conjunction with the moon in this month. The first time on the evening of the 3rd, at eight o'clock, being $1^{\circ} 58'$ south, and the second time on the evening of the 30th, at 9 h. 28 m., being then $3^{\circ} 17'$ south. On the morning of the 14th it sets at 4 h. 25 m., and $8^{\circ} 04'$ north of west, and in the evening is due south at ten o'clock.

JUPITER is an evening star during the month; is very near the moon on the morning of the 24th, at 4 h. 26 m., being but $37'$ north; it sets in the evening of that day at 10 h. 51 m. and $31^{\circ} 19'$ north of west.

SATURN is a morning star; is in conjunction with the moon on the morning of the 11th at 3 h. 59 m., being $1^{\circ} 20'$ north. On the morning of the 19th it rises $22^{\circ} 30'$ south of east, at 2 h. 14 m., and 40 m. later it is stationary among the stars, being in Sagittarius.

R. H. B.

New York University.

Sailors' Home, 190 Cherry St.

MR. ALEXANDER reports one hundred and forty-six arrivals during the month of February. These deposited with him \$3,060, of which \$480 were sent to the Savings' Bank, and \$1,150 sent to relatives and friends.

During the same time seventeen were shipped from the Home without advance, and six were sent to the Hospital.

Those poor fellows who were robbed a few weeks since of over \$1,800, by one of the "land sharks," who prey upon seamen in this port, are still at the Home, brought there by Mr. Alexander from the place where they were detained as witnesses. There seems to be no redress for them in the Courts, and the man who robbed them goes free.

Total Disasters Reported in February.

The number of vessels belonging to, or bound to or from, ports in the United States, reported totally lost and missing during the past month, is 34, of which 25 were wrecked, 1 burned, 3 abandoned, 1 sunk by collision, and 4 are missing. They are classed as follows: 4 steamers, 5 ships, 1 barks, 4 brigs, and 14 schooners, their estimated value, exclusive of cargoes, is \$1,071,000.

Below is the list, giving names, ports whence hailing, destinations, &c. Those indicated by a *w* were wrecked, *b* burnt, *a* abandoned, *sc* sunk by collision and *m* missing.

STEAMERS.

Crescent City, *w*, from New Orleans for Liverpool.
O. F. Potter, (tug) *sc* near Doboy, Ga.
Zoe, *w*, from New York for Brest.
Republique, *a*, from Pt. au Prince for New York

SHIPS.

Pontiac, *w*, from Liverpool for Boston.
Falkland, *w*, from Pensacola for Belfast, I.
Gertrude, *w*, from Liverpool for Mobile.
Brenda, *w*, from Newport, E. for New Orleans.
City of Kingston, *w*, from Philadelphia for Hamburg.

BARKS.

Baribino Padre, *m*, from New York for Antwerp
Gambia, *m*, from St. Vincent for Wilmington.
Isaac R. Davis, *a* from Falmouth, E. for Boston.
Cornwallis, *w*, from Hartlepool for Philadelphia.
Richard & Harriet, *w*, from Hull for Pensacola.
Hecla, *w*, (Whaler).
Georges, *w*, from San Francisco for Liverpool.

BRIGS.

Susannah, *w*, from Havana for Savannah.
Marita, *w*, from Cienfuegos for Boston.
Mary E. Hinds, *m*, from Bangor for Palermo.
Udoa, *w*, from Catacola for New York.

SCHOONERS.

Ocean Star, *a*, New York for Rockland.
V. J. Wallace, *b*, from New York for Jacmel.
Edith, *m*, (Fisherman).
Tolo, *w*, from Caspar Creek for San Francisco.
Welcome Home, *w*, from St. John, N. B. for Boston.
Oliver Spelman, *w*, from Port Johnson for New London.
Ocean Bride, *w*, (Fisherman).
Mary Anna, *w*, from South Amboy for Portland.
Rosilla, R., *w*, from Portland for St. John, N. B.
Forest King, *w*, from Honolulu for Port Gamble.
Albion, *w*.
Sewell, *w*, from Indian River for Gt. E. Harbor.
Jennie, *w*, (On the Mosquito Coast.)
Ralph Souder, *w*, from Philadelphia for Trinidad.

Receipts for February, 1871.

NEW HAMPSHIRE.

Bennington, Emily Whitmore..... \$2 00

VERMONT.

South Hero, estate of M. T. Landon, by
Dr. R. K. Clark, Ex'r., for lib'y's.... 40 00

MASSACHUSETTS.

Boston, bark *Volunteer*, Capt. Blake... 5 00
Bark *Estella*, Capt. Loring..... 5 00
Brighton, Cong. Society..... 41 77
Chatham, Cong. Society..... 6 20
Chicopee, 2d church..... 34 13
Florence, Cong church..... 60 58
Gloucester, Cong. Soc..... 52 94
Great Barrington, Cong. church, add'l.. 0 50
Housatonic, Cong. church, S. S., for lib'y 15 01
Lawrence, a Friend..... 100 00
Littleton, Cong Soc..... 11 25
Newburyport, North church..... 20 43
Ladies' Bethel Soc., for lib'y..... 20 00
Whitfield church S. S. for lib'y..... 20 00
Norfolk, Cong. church..... 16 92
Northampton, 1st Cong. church..... 109 09
North Andover, Cong. Soc..... 22 90
North Scituate, Cong. church..... 12 77
Bapt. church..... 18 36
North Weymouth, 1st church..... 26 60
Pilgrim's church..... 15 95
Oxford, Cong. Soc., of wh. \$15 from S. S.
for lib'y..... 43 52
Peabody, Cong Soc., of wh. \$30 to const.
Samuel Trask, L. M..... 66 25
Pittsfield, Cong. church..... 28 50
Meth. Epis. church..... 8 86
1st Cong. church..... 89 00
" S. S., Miss Ann Paul's
class, bal. for lib'y..... 12 00
Theodore Bartlett..... 15 00
Sharon, Cong. Soc..... 15 25
South Dedham, church..... 20 70
Springfield, South church..... 21 43
Stockbridge, Cong. church, of which \$30
to const. Norman Williams, L. M.,.... 54 40
Sabbath School, for library..... 20 00
Miss Frost's class, do..... 20 00
Mr. Reed's school, do..... 15 00
West Chelmsford, Joseph White,..... 3 00
West Concord, Mission Society..... 27 38
West Medway, Cong. Society..... 38 58
Wilmington, Cong. Society..... 8 35

RHODE ISLAND.

Central Falls; Individuals, collected by	
R. Robertson,	41 00
Providence, High Street Church,	21 27

CONNECTICUT.

Colchester Cong. church,	29 00
East Haddam, 1st. Cong. church,	10 00
Greenwich, 2nd Cong. church,	106 70
Groton, S. S., Cong. church, of wh. \$30 to const. Thos. A. Miner L. M., and \$20 for loan lib'y's.	50 00
A Friend,	15 00
Guliford, 1st Cong. church, of wh., Mrs. Lydia G. Chittenden for lib'y, \$20 00,	66 00
Litchfield, Cong. church,	57 52
Middletown, 1st Cong. church,	100 00
New Haven, 3rd Cong. ch., for lib'y	20 00
Plantville, Cong. church,	39 42
Rockville, 1st Cong. church,	30 00
2nd Cong. church,	38 30
Sharon, Mrs. Ann M. E. Cowles,	5 00
South Britain, C. Leroy Mitchell,	5 00
Stratford, Gen. G. Loomis, U. S. A.,	3 00
Watertown, Benjamin De Forest,	100 00
J. De Forest, for library,	20 00
Westminster, Pres. church,	12 25

NEW YORK.

Adams, Bapt. church, State Road	16 56
Centre 7th day Bapt. church	7 63
Bapt. church, for lib'y \$20, and Mrs. Sneldon, for lib'y \$10	30 00
Auburn, Rev. S. W. Boardman,	1 00
Brooklyn, Classon Ave. Pres. church,	67 18
Clinton Ave. Cong. ch., of wh. A. S. Barnes \$100 and J. W. Elwell \$100, 363 13	
Buffalo, 9th St. Bapt. church, of wh. W. H. Newman for lib'y, \$20,	28 40
Churchville, Cong church,	13 59
Bapt. church,	1 60
Meth. Epis. church,	3 65
Mrs. M. Brooks,	1 00
Fort Plain, Ref. church,	1 00
Hudson, Mrs. J. E. Gillette, for lib'y	20 00
Mansfield, Bapt. ch. (in part) for lib'y	14 00
Cong. church,	2 00
Meth. Epis.	1 80
New York City, E. D. Stanton,	50 00
Henry Young,	25 00
Wm. Walter Phelps,	25 00
Robbins & Appleton,	25 00
Mrs. Dr. T. M. Smith,	3 00
Miller & Grant,	3 00
Mrs. Ann Mc Lanahan,	10 00
Wm. Oothout,	25 00
Geo. D. Morgan,	10 00
Geo. D. Phelps, Jr.,	5 00
Mason Thomson,	5 00
Geo. D. Phelps,	10 00
Wm. F. Lee,	5 00
Mrs. Julia F. Noyes, for lib'y,	20 00
Mrs. C. L. Halsted,	20 00
Miss Strong,	5 00
E. B. Sutton,	5 00
J. B.,	5 00
Mrs. Lisenard Stewart,	10 00
H. W. Lund & Co.,	5 00
James L. Banks, M. D.,	10 00
Geo. F. Betts,	15 00
Cephas Brainerd,	5 00
Sumner R. Stone,	50 00
Nathaniel Fisher & Co.,	10 00
R. M. Olyphant,	50 00
James Demarest,	10 00
S. F.,	10 00
Warburton, Bonyng & Underhill,	20 00
J. C. Holden,	15 00
Matthias Clark,	5 00
C. H. & Co.,	20 00
J. H. Linsly,	5 00
Wm. Paton,	25 00

John R. Hurd,	25 00
R. Poillon,	10 00
S. S. University Pres. church, for lib'y	20 00
Somebody's Son for Somebody's Son on the sea,	10 00
Capt. C. W. French, schr. <i>Nellie</i> ,	1 00
M. Vandlandingham, Steward on schr. <i>J. O. Bickmore</i> ,	2 00
Mrs. M. C. Vernilye, for Lib'y,	20 00
Capt. W. H. Norton, schr. <i>Hortensia</i> ,	5 00
North Parma, Meth. church,	3 50
Free Meth. church,	9 50
Oswego, Meth. church, East side,	20 00
Bapt. church, East side,	20 00
Meth. church, West side,	20 00
Palmyra, S. S., Infant class, for lib'y	20 00
Pekin, Meth. church,	8 26
Pierpoint, Manor Meth. church,	2 00
Pulaski, Bapt. church,	5 00
Rhinebeck, T. H. Suckley,	10 00
Riga, Cong. church,	4 00
Rochester, C. J. Hayden,	10 00
Mrs. Chloe Wilcox,	10 00
Sandy Creek, Meth. Epis. church,	7 73
Saugerties, Mrs. Maria L. Kiersted, for lib'y,	20 00
Shawnee, Meth. Epis. church,	2 57
Tiverton Four Corners, A. L. Whitman,	5 00
Unionville, Union Meeting,	12 42

NEW JERSEY.

Jersey City, South 8th street Bethel for lib'y,	15 00
Madison, Pres. church,	52 00
Plainfield, 1st Bapt. church, of wh. Mrs. S. E. Abbot and Mrs. Henry Smith, ea. for lib'y's, \$20,	109 00
Mr. E. L. Roberts, for lib'y,	20 00
2nd Pres. church (in part), of wh. Miss Martha Moore \$30, to const. Thos. M. Moore L. M.,	157 00

PENNSYLVANIA.

Mercersburg, Mrs. ———,	5 00
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MARYLAND.

Annapolis, Mrs. C. H. Wadhams,	3 00
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NORTH CAROLINA.

Wilmington, S. S. 1st Pres. ch. for lib'y,	30 00
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OHIO.

Worster, legacy of E. Avery, by Messrs. L. Flattery & John McClellan, Ex's,	83 13
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KANSAS.

Pleasanton, 1st Pres. church,	1 00
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CALIFORNIA.

San Francisco, Mariners' church,	431 95
Church of the Advent,	50 00
William Blanchard & Co.,	25 00
A. J. Ralston,	25 00
J. E. Merrill & Co.,	20 00
C. A. Lowe & Co.,	20 00
Dickson, De Wolf & Co.,	20 00
L. M. Stevens,	20 00
Geo. Howes & Co.,	20 00
Linsforth, Kellogg & Co.,	10 00
R. B. Woodward,	10 00
Miss R. Mitchell,	5 00
E. G. Hooker,	10 00
Mrs. A. A. Richie,	5 00
Bray Bros.,	5 00

DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA.

Washington, S. S. 1st Pres. ch. for lib'y,	17 00
Miss Minnie Johnson,	15 00

SANDWICH ISLANDS.

Hilo, 1st Foreign church,	33 11
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\$4,685 31



April.]

Published by the American Seamen's Friend Society.

[1871

The Fisherman's Son.

A gentleman walking on the beach came across a little boy sitting on the road all by himself, looking out upon the great ocean.

"You like the sea, my boy; do you not?"

"Yes, sir; and I hope to follow it when I get bigger."

"It is a hard life, besides being dangerous," said the gentleman.

"Yes, sir; but Jesus Christ went to sea, and He knows the dangers; and sometimes He preached out of a ship. I am sure He loves sailors," said the boy.

"But that will not hinder you from meeting with storms, and perhaps getting shipwrecked."

"Jesus Christ rules the winds and the waves. He stopped a storm once."

"He does not now," said the gentleman.

"No, sir; but He will help us to trust in him; and, if we hold on to him, nothing can much harm us," said the boy.

"You might be drowned."

"Yes, sir." The boy stopped. "But, you know, my soul would then fly up to God; and it is all fair weather up there."

"Why, my little man, you are quite a preacher," said the gentleman.

"Father and I often talk these things over," said the little boy; "and when he is gone out fishing, and leaves me at home all alone, they are company for me."

"The sweet, quiet happy face of the little fellow pleased me," said the gentleman; "and I felt that he had the best of company."

Come Now.

Robert was a careless son, and resolved to go to sea. His mother, on packing his chest, placed a tract entitled, "COME NOW," amongst his things, and followed it with her prayers, that God would arrest him by its means, in his heedless downward course.

One day some months after, when far away at sea, Bob, in rummaging his chest, came across the tract. The title struck him—"COME NOW." Like an arrow it seemed to enter into his soul. He tried to forget it; but no, the words followed him everywhere.

On returning to the ship one day, he became utterly miserable, so that a young lad, a fellow shipmate, noticed it, and said to him, "Bob, what's the matter with you? you look miserable!"

"Yes, lad, I am miserable," replied Robert; "that ere tract, 'COME NOW,' has made me wretched."

The lad replied, "Ah, that reminds me that I promised my dear old mother to read my Bible at sea, and I have never opened it; let us read it now." So he fetched his Bible from his bag, and they sat down.

The lad opened it at the first of Isaiah, and read on to the 18th verse: "*Come now and let us reason together, saith the Lord; though your sins be as scarlet, they shall be as white as snow; though they be red like crimson, they shall be as wool.*" But when he came to "COME NOW," Bob exclaimed, "Stop there, those are the very words, 'COME NOW,' let us see them in the tract." The tract was produced and read, and the chapter was finished, and God was pleased by his Holy Spirit to show Robert his ruined condition, and to lead him to Christ.

Reader, have you thus come to the Saviour, to have your crimson sins washed white in the precious blood of Jesus? If not, "COME NOW!"
—*Christian Ambassador.*

Library Reports.

During the month of February, forty five libraries were sent to sea from the Society's rooms, 80 Wall street; twenty-nine new, and sixteen refitted. The following reports have been received, viz:

No. 1687.—Rescued from the wrecked brig *Eclipse*; refitted and reshipped for Matanzas, on brig *J. Polledo*.

No. 1808.—"Books read with good results;" gone to Wilmington on schooner *S. Wood*.

No. 1946.—"Read with interest;" gone to Savannah on schooner *F. Spofford*.

No. 1991.—Has been several voyages; books were of service to all; gone to Bahia on brig *Nazarine*.

No. 2183.—Returned in good order and sent to sea on schooner *Nellie*.

No. 2287.—Saved from brig *Executive*, (abandoned at sea) by the Capt. of schooner *F. Spofford*; refitted and reshipped on schooner *S. S. Bickmore*.

No. 2002.—"Books much read by all;" gone to Tarragonia on brig *River Queen*.

No. 2833.—Has been several voyages; gone to Bristol, Eng., on brig. *M. McFarland*.

No. 2879.—Has gone to Kingston, on schooner *J. J. Harris*.

No. 3109.—"Read with interest by several crews; gone to Gaudaloupe on brig *M. B. Nickerson*.

No. 3213.—"Books were read with good results;" gone to Demerara on schooner *Hortensia*.

No. 3322.—Has been to the East Indies; books read with profit, gone to Aspinwall on schooner *A. D. Scull*.

No. 3359.—Has been several voyages to Europe; books read and done much good; gone to sea on schooner *F. Merwin*.

No. 1320.—"I return this Library with many thanks; the books have been read and have been a source of comfort to officers and men. Please accept \$2.00." M. V.

No. 2843.—"The use of these books by the men, I think exerted a good moral effect on their behavior for a period of over two years, during which time the Library has been on board of this vessel." E. C.

No. 2998.—"Many thanks for the loan of your Library of well selected books. The crew have been much benefitted by reading the same." J. W. C.

Sold into Slavery.

"Carl Marsh is sold into slavery," said a man to me one day.

"Sold into slavery!" I cried. "Is there any thing like that now-a-days?"

"Indeed there is!" was his answer.

"Who bought him, pray?"

"Oh! it is a firm; and I make bold to say, they own a good many slaves, and they make shocking bad masters."

"Can it be so in these days? Who are they?" I asked.

"Well, they have agents and runners everywhere, who tell a pretty good story, and so get hold of folks; but the names of the firm—I dare say you have heard of them—are Rum and Tobacco."

I had heard of them. It is a firm of bad reputation; and yet how extensive are their dealings! What town or village but has felt their influence? Once in their clutches, it is about the hardest thing in the world to break away from them. You are *sold*, and that is the end of it,—sold to ruin sooner or later. I have seen people try to escape from them. Some, it is true, *do* make good their escape; but the greater part are caught, and go back to their chains.

To the young I would say, *Have nothing to do with them at all.* Fight them; give them no quarter: and do all you can to destroy their influence. It is in your power to take a firm stand against them; and be sure that you do take it.—*Young Pilgrim.*

The Secret of Good Work.

Some years ago, I was brought in contact with a colored man. He was nothing but a cobbler—he said himself he was not a decent shoemaker, and I can testify to that from some experience of his work. But if not elegantly done, it was thoroughly done, and that was the point. He told me that when he became too old and crippled to work in the field and house, he took to cobbling. I said to him:

"My friend, after this cobbling on earth has done, how about that other world? Have you any hope for a better world?"

"Ah! master," said he, "I am nothing, as I told you, but a poor cobbler, but I feel when I sit here and work at my stool, that the good Master is looking at me, and when I take a stitch, it is a stitch, and when I put on a heel-tap, it is not paper, but good leather."

It is not the work we do upon earth that makes the whole of life, but it is the way in which we do that work—it is the motive. "Thou, God, seest me."

Mother.

Lamartine tells a story that exquisitely illustrates a mother's love: In some spring freshet, a river wildly washed its shores and rent away a bough whereon a bird had built a cottage for her summer home. Down the white and whirling stream drifted the green branch, its wicker cup of unfledged song, and fluttering beside it as it went, the mother-bird. Unheeding the roaring river, on she went, her cries of agony and fear piercing the pauses in the storm. How like the love of the old-fashioned mother who followed the dove she had plucked from her heart, all over the world! Swept away by passion that child might be—it mattered not; though he was bearing away with him the fragrance of the shattered roof-tree, yet that mother was with him, a Ruth through all his life, and a Rachel at his death.

Hymn.

Bury thy sorrow,
The world has its share;
Bury it deeply,
Hide it with care.
Think of it calmly,
When curtained by night;
Go and tell Jesus,
And all will be right.

Sharp Practice.

A sailor from one of the lake fleet vessels went into a shop at Milwaukee and purchased goods to the amount of fifty cents. Throwing down a bill, he said "There is a two dollar bill—give me the change." A glance showed the storekeeper the bill was a "V," and hastily sweeping it into the drawer, he gave back the change. After Jack was gone the man went back to the drawer and found that the bill was a "V," to be sure, but was a little the worst counterfeit ever seen. Indignant at the treatment, Jack was found by the storekeeper, and threatened, but Jack was ready, and showed by a comrade that he received but a dollar and a half in change, so he could not have given the man the bill.

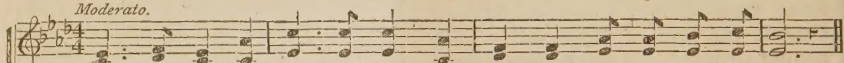
“Cling not to a Broken Spar.”

NOTE.—The following exquisite Hymn originally appeared in the *SAILOR'S MAGAZINE* for August, 1870, under the title “WRECK AND RESCUE.” It was written by DR. HOPPER, of the Church of the Sea and Land, and PROF. REDEN's spirited tune, which cannot fail to be popular, will give it wide circulation for good. The Sabbath-Schools will regard both Hymn and Tune with favor.—*Ed.*

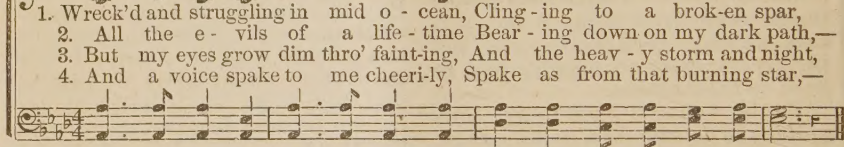
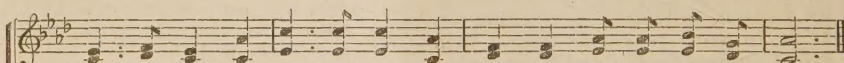
Words by Rev. E. HOPPER, D. D.

Music KARL REDEN.

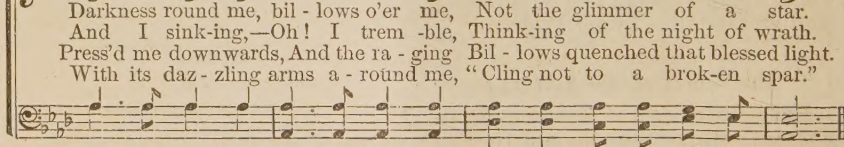
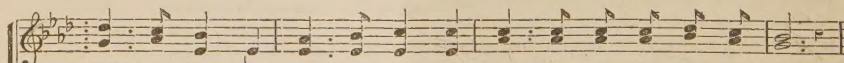
Moderato.



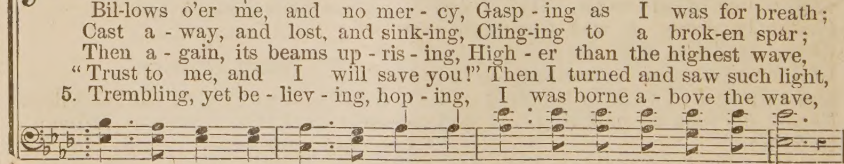

1. Wreck'd and struggling in mid o - cean, Cling - ing to a brok - en spar,
 2. All the e - vils of a life - time Bear - ing down on my dark path,—
 3. But my eyes grow dim thro' faint - ing, And the heav - y storm and night,
 4. And a voice spake to me cheeri - ly, Spake as from that burning star,—

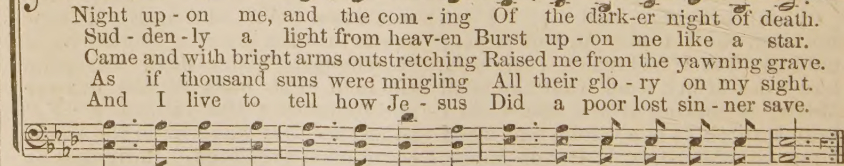
Darkness round me, bil - lows o'er me, Not the glimmer of a star.
 And I sink - ing,—Oh! I trem - ble, Think - ing of the night of wrath.
 Press'd me downwards, And the ra - ging Bil - lows quenched that blessed light.
 With its daz - zling arms a - round me, “Cling not to a brok - en spar.”

Bil - lows o'er me, and no mer - cy, Gasp - ing as I was for breath;
 Cast a - way, and lost, and sink - ing, Cling - ing to a brok - en spar;
 Then a - gain, its beams up - ris - ing, High - er than the highest wave,
 “Trust to me, and I will save you!” Then I turned and saw such light,
 5. Trembling, yet be - liev - ing, hop - ing, I was borne a - bove the wave,

Night up - on me, and the com - ing Of the dark - er night of death.
 Sud - den - ly a light from heav - en Burst up - on me like a star.
 Came and with bright arms outstretching Raised me from the yawning grave.
 As if thousand suns were mingling All their glo - ry on my sight.
 And I live to tell how Je - sus Did a poor lost sin - ner save.



AMERICAN SEAMEN'S FRIEND SOCIETY.

TWENTY DOLLARS will send a Library to Sea in the name of any Sabbath-School or Sabbath-School Class, contributing that amount. Donations may be sent to 80 WALL ST., New York.

LIFE MEMBERS AND DIRECTORS.

A payment of Five Dollars makes an Annual Member, and Thirty Dollars at one time constitutes a Life Member; One Hundred Dollars, or a sum which in addition to a previous payment makes One Hundred Dollars, a Life Director.

FORM OF A BEQUEST.

"I give and bequeath to THE AMERICAN SEAMEN'S FRIEND SOCIETY, incorporated by the Legislature of New York, in the year 1833, the sum of \$—, to be applied to the charitable uses and purposes of the said Society."

Three witnesses should state that the testator declared this to be his last will and testament, and that they signed it at his request, and in his presence and the presence of each other.

SHIPS' LIBRARIES.

Loan Libraries for ships are furnished at the offices, 80 Wall-street, N. Y., and 13 Cornhill, Boston, at the shortest notice. Bibles and Testaments in various languages may be had either at the office, or at the Depository of the New York Bible Society, 7 Beekman-street.

SAVINGS BANK FOR SEAMEN.

All respectable Savings Banks are open to deposits from Seamen, which will be kept safely and secure regular instalments of interest. Seamen's Savings Banks as such are established in New York, 78 Wall-street, and Boston, Tremont-street, open daily between 10 and 3 o'clock.

SAILORS' HOMES.

LOCATION.	ESTABLISHED BY	KEEPERS.
NEW YORK, 190 Cherry street.....	Amer. Sea. Friend Society....	Fred'k Alexander.
" 53 Thompson street, (colored) ..	" " " ..	W. P. Powell.
BOSTON, 99 Purchase street.....	Boston " " ..	Capt. P. G. Atwood.
PHILADELPHIA, 422 South Front street	Penn. " " ..	Capt. J. T. Robinson.
WILMINGTON, cor. Front and Dock streets....	Wilm. Seamen's Friend Soc'y.	Capt. W. J. Penton.
CHARLESTON, S. C.....	Charleston Port Society.....	Capt. Jno. McCormick.
MOBILE, Ala.....	Ladies' Sea. Friend Society ..	Henry Parsons.
SAN FRANCISCO, Cal.....	" " " ..	"
HONOLULU, S. I.....	Honolulu " " ..	Mrs. Crabbe.

INDEPENDENT SOCIETIES AND PRIVATE SAILOR BOARDING HOUSES.

NEW YORK, 338 Pearl street	Epis. Miss. Soc'y for Seamen.	Charles Blake.
" 334 & 336 Pearl street.....	Private.....	"
" 91 Market street.....	do	Peter Oberg.
" 4 Catharine Lane, (colored)	do	G. F. Thompson.
" 45 Oliver street.....	do	Christ. Bowman.
" 39 do	do	William White.
BOSTON, North Square, "Mariners' House" ..	Boston Seamen's Aid Society.	N. Hamilton.
NEW BEDFORD, 14 Bethel Court.....	Ladies' Br. N. B. P. S.....	David Ilsley.
BALTIMORE, 65 Thames street.....	Seamen's Union Bethel Soc'y.	Edward Kirby.

MARINERS' CHURCHES.

LOCATION.	SUSTAINED BY	MINISTERS.
NEW YORK, Catharine, cor. Madison street ..	New York Port Society.....	Rev. E. D. Murphy.
" cor. Water and Dover sts.....	Mission " " ..	"
" 27 Greenwich street	" " " ..	B. F. Millard.
" foot of Pike street, E. R.....	Episcopal Miss. Society.....	R. W. Lewis.
" foot of Hubert street, N. R.....	" " " ..	H. F. Roberts.
" Open air Service, Coenties Slip..	" " " ..	Robt J. Walker.
" Swedish & English, pier 11, N. R.	Methodist.....	O. G. Hedstrom.
" Oliver, cor. Henry street.....	Baptist.....	J. L. Hodges, D. D.
" cor. Henry and Market streets..	Sea and Land, Presbyterian..	Eward Hopper.
BROOKLYN, 8 President street.....	Am. Sea. Friend Society....	E. O. Bates.
BUFFALO.....	" " " ..	O. Helland.
ALBANY, Montgomery street	Methodist.....	P. G. Cooke.
BOSTON, cor. Salem and N. Bennet streets...	Boston Sea. Friend Society..	John Miles.
" North Square.....	Boston Port Society.....	S. H. Hayes.
" cor. Commercial and Lewis streets..	Baptist Bethel Society.....	E. T. Taylor.
" Richmond street.....	Episcopal.....	Geo. S. Noyes.
PORTLAND, Me. Fore st. near new Custom House	Portland Sea. Friend Society.	H. A. Cooke.
PROVIDENCE, R. I., 52 Wickenden street.....	Providence Sea. Friend Soc'y, ..	J. P. Robinson.
NEW BEDFORD.....	New Bedford Port Society....	F. Southworth.
PHILADELPHIA, corner of Front & Union...	Presbyterian.....	C. M. Winchester.
" cor. Shippen and Penn sts....	Methodist.....	J. D. Butler.
" Catharine street.....	Episcopal.....	D. H. Emerson, D.D.
" Church st. above Navy Yard.	Baptist.....	G. W. McLaughlin.
BALTIMORE, cor. Alice and Ann streets.....	Seamen's Un. Bethel Society..	W. B. Erben.
" cor. Light and Lee streets	Baltimore, S. B.....	Joseph Perry.
NORFOLK.....	Amer. Sea. Friend Society....	Francis McCartney
CHARLESTON, Church, near Water street	" " " ..	R. R. Murphy.
SAVANNAH.....	" " " ..	E. N. Crane.
MOBILE, Church street, near Water	" " " ..	Wm. B. Yates.
NEW ORLEANS.....	" " " ..	Richard Webb.
		L. H. Pease.

AMERICAN SEAMEN'S FRIEND SOCIETY.

80 WALL STREET, NEW YORK.

Organized, May, 1828.—Incorporated, April, 1833.

WILLIAM A. BOOTH, Esq., *President.*

CAPT. NATH'L BRIGGS, *Vice President*

Rev. HARMON LOOMIS, D. D., *Cor. Sec'y.*

SAMUEL H. HALL, *Treasurer.*

" S. H. HALL, D. D., *Cor. Sec'y. & Ed. Mag.*

L. P. HUBBARD, *Financial Agent.*

OBJECTS. 1.—To improve the social, moral and religious condition of seamen: to protect them from imposition and fraud; to prevent them from becoming a curse to each other and the world; to rescue them from sin and its consequences, and to SAVE THEIR SOULS. 2.—To sanctify commerce, an interest and a power in the earth, second only to religion itself, and make it everywhere serve as the handmaid of Christianity.

MEANS OF ACCOMPLISHMENT. 1.—The Preaching of the Gospel by Missionaries and Chaplains, and the maintenance of Bethel Churches in the principal ports of this and foreign countries. In addition to its Chaplaincies in the United States, the Society has stations in CHINA, JAPAN the SANDWICH ISLANDS, PERU, CHILI, BRAZIL, FRANCE, BELGIUM, DENMARK, NORWAY, SWEDEN NEW BRUNSWICK, &c., and will establish others, as its funds shall allow. Besides preaching the Gospel to seamen on ship board and on shore, and to those who do business upon our inland waters, Chaplains visit the sick and dying, and as far as possible supply the place of parents and friends.

2.—The monthly publication of the SAILOR'S MAGAZINE and SEAMEN'S FRIEND, designed to collect and communicate information, and to enlist the sympathy and co-operation of Christians of every name, in securing the objects of the Society. The last of these publications, the SEAMEN'S FRIEND, is gratuitously furnished Chaplains and Missionaries for distribution among seamen and others. The Society also publishes the LIFE BOAT for the use of Sabbath-schools.

3.—LOAN LIBRARIES, composed of carefully selected, instructive and entertaining books, put up in cases containing between forty and fifty volumes each, for the use of ships' officers and crews, and placed as a general thing, in the care of converted sailors, who thus become for the time, effective missionaries among their shipmates. This plan of sea-missions contemplates much more than the placing of a Christian Library on ship-board, in that (1) It places the library in the hands of an individual who takes it for the purpose of doing good with it, and who becomes morally responsible for the use made of it. (2) It places the library in the fore-castle—the sailors' own apartment. (3) It contemplates a connection between the missionary and the individual who furnishes the instruments with which he works. The donor of each library is informed, if he requests it, when and where it goes, and to whom it is entrusted; and whatever of interest is heard from it, is communicated. The whole number of libraries sent out by the Society, is over 3,300, containing 150,000 volumes. Calculating frequent re-shippments, they have been accessible to probably 150,000 men. Between six and seven hundred hopeful conversions at sea, have been reported as traceable to this instrumentality. A large proportion of these libraries have been provided by special contributions from Sabbath-schools, and are frequently heard from as doing good service. This work may be and should be greatly extended. More than 20,000 American vessels remain to be supplied.

4.—The establishment of SAILORS' HOMES, READING ROOMS, SAVING'S BANKS, the distribution of BIBLES, TRACTS, &c.

The SAILORS' HOME, 190 Cherry St., New York, is the property and under the direction of the Society. It was opened in 1842, since which time it has accommodated 75,000 boarders. This one Institution has saved to seamen and their relatives, \$1,500,000. The moral and religious influence on the seamen sheltered there, can not be estimated. More or less shipwrecked seamen are constantly provided for at the Home. A Missionary of the Society is in daily attendance, and religious meetings are held on week day evenings.

The Society also aids the HOME FOR COLORED SAILORS, an excellent institution under the care of Mr. W. P. POWELL, 153 Thompson St. Similar institutions exist, under the care of auxiliary Societies, in the cities of BOSTON, PHILADELPHIA, PORTLAND, NEW ORLEANS, SAN FRANCISCO, and HONOLULU, S. I.

NOTE.—Twenty dollars contributed by any individual or Sabbath-school, will send a Library to sea, in the name of the donor. Thirty dollars makes a Life-Member; One Hundred dollars a Life Director. The SAILORS' MAGAZINE is, when asked for, sent gratuitously to Pastors, who take a yearly collection for the cause, and to Life-Members and Directors, upon an annual request for the same.